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Jimmy Woods • New Voice

Gerry Mulligan—A Writer's Credo

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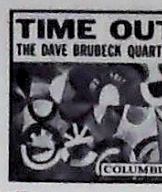

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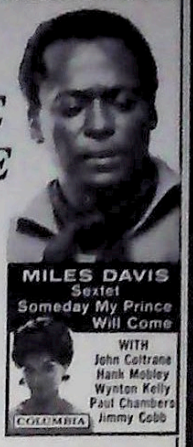

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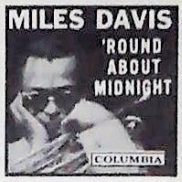

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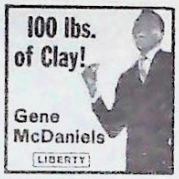

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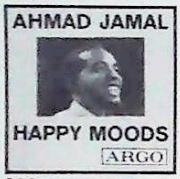

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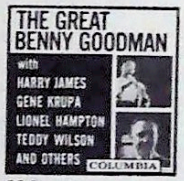

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Cover photo: Lawrence Shustak

THINGS TO COME: The emphasis is on brass instruments in the Jan. 31 **Down Beat**, on sale Thursday, Jan. 17, with articles on the Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer group, maverick brass instruments used in jazz, Art Farmer on the use of fluegelhorn, and the second half of a survey of the government's use of jazz.

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Brubeck In The Wilderness

I would like to take exception to a statement by Lennie Tristano (*DB*, Dec. 6): "You can't tell me that Dave Brubeck is bringing jazz to the people. . . .The clubs he plays are too expensive for the people to go to. That isn't bringing jazz to the people."

I lived my first 21 years in North Dakota and have followed jazz since I was 14. In that time I can remember only two jazz performances by a major talent. Both were college concerts given by Dave Brubeck at $2 a ticket.

He may play expensive clubs, but he also braves the wilderness. He has won at least one fan who will always listen as long as he plays.

Indianapolis, Ind. Bradford Brakke

Bossa Nova Ad Absurdum

Already this bossa nova business has gotten out of hand. Since nobody wants to be left out in the cold, we will soon be seeing albums like: Gene Ammons and Sonny Stitt's *Bossa Nova Boss Tenor Battle*, Ornette Coleman's *Shape of Bossa Nova to Come*, the Dukes of Dixieland's *Rampart Street Bossa Nova*, Meade Lux Lewis' *Bossa Nova Boogie*, Max Roach's *We Insist Bossa Nova in 5/4 Time*, and Les McCann's *Goin' to Meetin' Bossa Nova*.

By the time we get to the *Bossa Nova Soul of Ira Gitler*, those cats like Charlie Byrd, Bud Shank, Herbie Mann, and Cal Tjader will come out with a "new wave" called "American jazz" in radical rhythms like 4/4. Then where will we be?

Shaker Heights, Ohio Art Scott

Mingus Replies

In regard to Bill Coss' poor review of my so-called concert (*DB*, Dec. 6):

On the night of our first rehearsal at Caroll Studios with Jerome Richardson and Buddy Collette (who I convinced Alan Douglas to send for to further the possibilities of a good open recording session), I confronted Alan after three hopeless hours of rehearsing with the idea of paying Buddy Collette a thousand dollars of the money United Artists had just paid me to record with Duke Ellington and Max Roach. I knew it was hopeless to make a concert out of a recording session—that one tune would have to be played back again and again.

Also, United Artists' word was that they would tape our final rehearsal so the musicians could hear what I was trying to do. This was stopped when their engineer said he couldn't get into the hall and didn't have speakers but would have them there for the concert.

How could Coss, a so-called music critic, miss the fact that I couldn't have had even a good open recording session if the engineer couldn't make playbacks for me or the audience? Even my doctor heard me ask over the mike for a playback of the first tune, which Coss forgot to mention was a success even with the audience. Also Coss forgot to mention how many people stayed to hear the music while he ran all over the hall until I called his name.

But all is well. I'm sure Coss has his belly full of good criticism now. As far as giving an honest review of what someone is doing, I taught him the hard way.

I'd pay my entire salary to United Artists for those tapes. . . . I didn't get paid, and someone is going to have 2½ hours of good taped music, with the audience there to give more than polite applause. . . .

New York City Charles Mingus

RIAS Defends Jazz Policy

The article on jazz in Germany by J. E. Berendt (*DB*, Oct. 11) includes a number of errors and omissions.

Having worked at RIAS for almost four years as, among other duties, program officer for music, I have some familiarity with the issues raised by Herr Berendt.

RIAS is a branch of the U. S. Information Agency in West Berlin, broadcasting in German to the 17,000,000 people in the Soviet zone of Germany. Its purpose is to inform the East German people of political, spiritual, scientific, and cultural developments in the free world. Consequently, even its music programs are not mere entertainment but are intended to mirror the vitality and rich profusion of musical life in the West.

Herr Berendt is seriously misinformed when he argues that RIAS does not satisfy the jazz appetite of its listeners in the Soviet zone. Since its founding in 1946, RIAS has received close to 2,000,000 letters, of which 26 percent have been from East Germany. Not one of these pieces of mail has contained a complaint of not hearing enough jazz. . . .

While RIAS jazz programs may not compete quantitatively with other radio stations in West Germany, qualitatively they are often more than the equal of many. . . .

The hunger for jazz in Europe, especially behind the Iron Curtain, is enormously gratifying, but it is not the task of RIAS to saturate the young people of East Germany with Armstrong, Ellington, and Mulligan.

It would be most unfortunate if your readers were left with the false impression created by Herr Berendt's article that RIAS, with one of the largest audiences of any station in Europe, and operated by the U. S. government, is remiss in its obligations to the jazz public. Let it be known that two basic factors are our guides at RIAS: intelligently balanced programing and the needs of our audience. Jazz has its place in this scheme, which includes guest programs by many well-known German jazz personalities, not discounting Herr Berendt himself.

Berlin, Germany Edward Alexander
Program Officer for Music, RIAS

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NEW YORK

Wild raves follow the tour of drummer **Cozy Cole,** the latest U. S. State Department musical ambassador. Cole is touring Africa with trumpeter **Jorgie Holt,** tenor saxophonist **George Clark,** pianist **Jay Cole** (Cozy's brother), bassist **Ivan Rolle,** and vocalist-emcee **Mildred Clinton.** But there are more within this kind of revue, called the Cole Jazz Revue: dancers, puppeteers, a xylophonist, and such. As the schedule now stands, the tour will end late in February, and the concerts are wisely being mixed between formal presentations and less-formal shows at local schools.

Cole

The jazz club scene in New York continues to grow in a quiet, sideline kind of way, with jazz played one to several nights a week in clubs that normally do not present the music. Among last month's entries, in Greenwich Village: the club Cinderella, where nearly anyone (i.e., **Ephy Resnik** — as leader — **Booker Ervin, Pepper Adams, Herbie Nichols,** and **Paul Neves,** among others) might play on Sunday nights, and the Cafe Avital, where from Thursdays through Sundays there can be heard **Bill Dixon,** trumpet; **Archie Shepp,** tenor saxophone; **Don Moore,** bass; **Paul Cohen,** drums.

English tenor saxophonist **Tubby Hayes** may come to the United States to join **Woody Herman** if, in Hayes' words, "things with the union and such can be worked out." . . . **Merit Hemmingson,** a young Swedish girl, is in New York, recruiting other girl musicians who would tour Europe with her in an all-girl band . . . **Freddie Hubbard** will record for Impulse with arrangements written for the date by **Wayne Shorter** . . . **Owen Engel's** next World Jazz Festival will run Feb. 1-3 at the Ambassador Hotel in Atlantic City, N. J.

The **Paul Winter** group spent a busy December, playing at the Village Vanguard, recording for Columbia with Brazilian vocalist-composer **Carlos Lyra,** and taking part in a bossa nova documentary, *Eyewitness,* for CBS-TV, which also included appearances by **Gerry Mulligan** and **Carlos Antonio Jobim.** The newly reorganized group led by alto saxophonist Winter consists of **Dick Whitsell,** trumpet; **Jay Cameron,** baritone saxophone; **Warren Bernhardt,** piano; **Arthur Harper,** bass; **Ben Riley,** drums . . . **Kai Winding** is music director of the newly opened Playboy Club in New York City . . . It is rumored that **Sol Hurok** might send singer **Joya Sherrill** to Moscow for a series of concerts.

Winter

A new musical opened in London, *Three at Nine,* and in it is singer **Annie Ross** . . . **George Wein** recently returned from Holland after secret, but obviously jazz, discussions . . . **Tony Bennett's** Carnegie Hall concert featured a huge orchestra led by **Ralph Sharon** and featuring such soloists as **Don Elliott, Kenny Burrell,** and **Al Cohn** . . . **Louis Bellson** is writing the score for a Broadway musical, *The 7 Joys of Buddy Biloxi.*

Terry Gibbs will remain in New York City, leading a

(Continued on page 45)

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WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

RICHARDS
Victor over an old lion

PETRILLO DEFEAT ENDS 40-YEAR RULE

James Caesar Petrillo, 71, had ruled Chicago's AFM Local 10 for 40 years. As president he waged what sometimes seemed pitched battles against hoodlums, dual unionism, city officials, civic groups—and some say Local 10 members themselves.

Through the years many members grumbled about Petrillo's methods of obtaining benefits for "my boys." Few grumbled, however, when they enjoyed fruits of his victories, the most beneficial being a high wage scale. As union elections rolled around, Petrillo was re-elected over and over. Only once, in 1933, was he openly opposed in an election; the two men who ran against him then found it difficult to work as musicians in Chicago afterwards.

Last month's 1962 election should have been like all the rest, but it wasn't. An insurgent group of musicians, calling themselves collectively Chicago Musicians for Union Democracy, announced a slate of candidates to run against Petrillo and other incumbents, most of whom had been ensconced in union positions almost as long as Petrillo. Heading the CMUD slate was pianist Barney Richards, a club-date bandleader. Chicago Symphony Orchestra members Rudy Nashan and Sam Denov were nominated for the offices of vice president and recording secretary, respectively.

The CMUD campaign was well organized (even a public relations man was hired) and waged a good deal of the time in Chicago newspapers. Petrillo did little campaigning—he sent members a brief letter naming the candidates he endorsed, plus a copy of a 1958 tribute to himself from the AFL-CIO executive council.

But as members filed into the local's headquarters on the rainy election day, they were besieged with campaign propaganda endorsing the many candidates (there were nearly 90 names for various offices listed on the ballot). The excitement evident never had been seen in the staid union headquarters. The voting was heavy for a musicians union election—approximately 3,200 members out of almost 12,000 cast their votes.

The ballot counting took 21 hours. When the results were announced, Petrillo and most of those he endorsed had been defeated; Richards had beaten Petrillo by only 95 votes—1,690 to 1,595. But CMUD controlled the board of directors and, therefore, the local. The only CMUD candidate who failed to win office was Denov—H. Leo Nye was re-elected by almost 200 votes.

Following the election, Richards said he hoped Petrillo would meet with him to determine if some Local 10 position might be found for the defeated official. At presstime, however, Richards had not heard from Petrillo. Nor had the press. Petrillo was "out of town." Richards also had not heard from Herman D. Kenin, president of the AFM.

(But evidently Petrillo and Kenin had been in communication, for the AFM president announced that Petrillo, formerly head of the AFM—he was simultaneously president of the Chicago local—would receive $10,000 a year pension from the AFM and $10,000 salary as an adviser to the union. Kenin also said that Petrillo will receive an additional $3,000 a year as a contingency fund, for which there need be no accounting. Petrillo also will be furnished a limousine and chauffeur by the AFM.)

Richards said his administration would be concerned with the needs of the local's members and increasing work for Chicago musicians.

"We want to have a club room so the members can get together, and we're investigating a health and welfare program," he told *Down Beat*.

Richards, who recorded a Dixieland album for Mercury several years ago, is aware of jazz' importance. He plans to have it included in the music-appreciation concerts held in Chicago public schools and sponsored by Local 10.

"I feel very strongly that jazz is an art form. It is part of our musical heritage," he said.

McDANIELS-LIBERTY SQUABBLE DOES AN ABOUT-FACE

In the wake of the recent legal battle between singer Gene McDaniels and Liberty records (*DB*, Nov. 22), all seemed to be sweetness and light as performer and label executives buried the hatchet.

After legal counsel for both parties to the litigation begun by McDaniels in New York Supreme Court, put their brief cases together, the suit was settled out of court. Terms of the settlement were not disclosed.

As a followup to the settlement, Al Bennett, Liberty president, signed McDaniels to a new long-term contract reported to be for three years. The singer's new pact with the label guarantees him a "six-figure" income from recording over the lifetime of the contract. Payments will be made to McDaniels in monthly installments, according to terms of the contract.

SUNDAY SEMINARS AT THE NEW FIVE SPOT

After many months of indecision, the Five Spot, New York's most carefree jazz club, reopened at Third Ave. and Eighth St., only a few blocks from its last home.

Among its most important innovations was a Sunday afternoon matinee for youngsters. Emceed by radio station WNCN's Les Davis, the Sunday afternoon programs usually feature the group currently playing at the club, a group from a local college (not so local in some cases—Cornell began the collection), a dancer and/or comedian, and the unique chance for the youngsters to talk to performing musicians in a kind of seminar held several times during the afternoon.

MONTEREY TO HOLD FOLK FESTIVAL

In an effort to increase the number of tourists going to Monterey during the slack spring season, the city's jazz festival sponsors are planning a folk festival next May or June. The folk festival would be part of the Monterey Jazz Festival structure, according to San Francisco columnist Ralph Gleason. He wrote that disc jockey Jimmy Lyons, general manager of the jazz festival, will serve in the same capacity for the new event.

Lyons said, "We're not proposing a hard-core ethnic folk festival; rather we have in mind something like a fun-and-folk festival at which you can have a good time, hear some good music, and see some interesting groups." As examples of the latter he cited the Limeliters, Harry Belafonte, and the Kingston Trio

and also mentioned a Gospel song program for a Sunday performance.

"The two festivals will work together to mutual advantage, sharing some expenses and thus making things a lot easier for the jazz festival," Lyons said. "There will be, also, additional revenue from the folk festival for the projects of the jazz festival, such as the music scholarships at Monterey Peninsula College."

ARTIE SHAW SAYS MUSIC LISTENING PAINFUL

Listening to music now is a very painful experience, says Artie Shaw. Interviewed in Toronto during an appearance on the Canadian Broadcast Corp.'s *Flashback*, Shaw said he no longer cares to listen to music. If by accident he does, he finds that he gets too involved. "I can't listen to it as background, either," he said.

Now 52, Shaw said that the biggest problem facing any human being is the "need to find out who you are." However, he said he feels he is on the way.

"I'm getting hipper all the time," he said, then grinned. "Finding out how little I know."

While Shaw no longer plays his clarinet, he hasn't strayed completely from music. He's excited about a musical comedy he's writing, although it may be a while before it's finished. Now in the process of developing the leading character, he thinks he may write a novel about him first and then get on with the musical comedy plot.

WHERE TO SEE 'JAZZ SCENE, U.S.A.'

With syndicated sales of the *Jazz Scene, U.S.A.* television program moving briskly from Lincoln, Neb., to Manila in the Philippines, a partial scheduling of the program in widely scattered markets was learned by *Down Beat*.

According to latest count, said Jimmie Baker, who produces *Jazz Scene* for Steve Allen's Meadowlane Enterprises, the 30-minute show began running once a month Dec. 3 in Lincoln, Neb. Although *Jazz Scene* is conceived as a weekly program, he said, the Lincoln TV outlet chose a once-monthly program schedule, permitting the station to promote the show as a special event.

Jazz Scene was sold earlier in 1962 to the five-station Westinghouse network, on which it has been programed on various dates since mid-December, Baker said.

It started Dec. 17 over KYW-TV in Cleveland, Ohio, and also is being viewed on varying dates over WBX in Boston, Mass.; WJZ in Baltimore, Md.; KDKA in Pittsburgh, Pa.; and KPIX in San Francisco. On Dec. 16, the program began airing over KOGO in San Diego, Calif. A Los Angeles outlet for the show is under negotiation. Baker said at presstime that sale of the program had been confirmed in "at least 25 cities in this country."

Overseas, said Baker, *Jazz Scene* has been sold to Manila's station DZBB and began a 26-week run Dec. 9 in Stockholm, Sweden. Other countries in which Baker indicated the show soon will be seen are The Netherlands, Austria, Finland, and Australia.

STORMY SEAS—SHOULD A&R MEN BE MUSICIANS?

John Lewis, man of many hats (pianist, composer-arranger, conductor, musical director of the Modern Jazz Quartet and most recently appointed a member of the a&r staff of Atlantic records), offered some strong remarks about the a&r man's role in jazz recording.

He feels that most a&r men are without knowledge of music, hence can't be as helpful on a record date as can the musician-a&r man.

"I can help the artist," Lewis stated in a recent issue of *Variety*, "which is something they [the nonmusician a&r men] can't do."

Lewis is of the opinion that musicians should be given as much freedom as possible, feeling that the jazzman is the best judge of his work and knows his role better than does anyone else. Lewis said he believes the advantage of a working-musician a&r man is that he understands this, leaves everything alone, but is able to resolve a musical problem if one occurs in the course of a recording session.

A number of nonmusician a&r men were quick to comment on Lewis' statements.

"I don't agree with his reasoning," said Irving Townsend of Columbia records. "In the first place, most a&r men are musicians or have had musical training. . . . The help an a&r man supplies the musicians on a date is not just musical help. It's direction, like a director in a theater making a whole of the sum of the parts of a play."

Independent jazz producer Dave Axelrod took exception to Lewis' charge that the nonmusician a&r man cannot help his artists. "That isn't quite true," Axelrod said. "To one extent it is, of course: he [Lewis] is familiar with the music—on manuscript—being recorded and because of this familiarity, his opinions will carry weight. But in jazz, think of all the musicians who can't read music. . . . A man doesn't need an academic knowledge of music to make music on records. The trouble is, too many a&r men are not creative. They don't have a true knowledge of jazz."

Does the musician really know best?

Axelrod said, "No. A cat may want something a certain way, but that doesn't mean that's the best way." In this area, he indicated, the a&r man must hold sway.

World Pacific's Richard Bock was as emphatic:

"Knows best as to what? In certain aspects of the art form, he would; in others, he notoriously would not. Of course, the superior musician knows best."

Lester Koenig, president of Contemporary records, in answering the question, said, "This is a matter of taste. In jazz, the best a&r men—be they either musicians or nonmusicians—are the ones who encourage the musicians on the date to express themselves."

In regard to helping the artist in the studio, Koenig said the musician "can certainly help them in musical ways that a nonmusician could not. I'd love to have him [Lewis] with me in the booth when I do record dates, not just because he's a musician."

Bock remarked, "If the a&r man has a clear idea of what he wants and if he can go into the studio and help out with the score, then I agree."

But as for the musician being a better supervisor, Bock stated, "This is not necessarily so. It depends upon the a&r man's over-all concept of what is salable in the market and how to achieve the best possible merger between the artist and this market. The pure-music approach sometimes doesn't work. It should be so, but it isn't."

Esmond Edwards, a&r director of Argo records, indicated that the history of jazz recording has been dominated by the a&r man who was first and foremost a fan, not a musician-technician.

"The musician might tend to be more of a specialist," Edwards said, "and record only those artists or that kind of music that reflected his own tastes. Further, it's not unlikely that the musician-a&r man might allow his musicianship to get in his way when running a session. There's the chance that he might overly concentrate on purely technical matters that really don't have anything to do with music as an art. John Lewis, for example, might conceivably have a tough time supervising a King Curtis date because of this very thing."

A musical background does prove beneficial at times, Edwards said. "There are some guys who, no matter how many months in advance they're told of a recording date, never come into the studio prepared. They don't know what tunes they're going to do, and when they run them down in the studio they're playing wrong changes and so on. This is where the musician can step in and take charge."

JAZZ IN GOVERNMENT

By DON DeMICHEAL

IT IS NO secret that the United States government has discovered jazz. For several years, Washington has employed jazz as a means of entry into nations that, if not openly hostile to this country, were not particularly interested in learning about the United States or its people. But if the government's use of jazz as an adjunct to diplomacy or, less politely, as a propaganda weapon—and nobody in Washington uses that phrase—is common knowledge, the quantity of jazz used and how are not.

Even the Department of Commerce finds jazz can be effective, most tellingly so at trade shows held in various countries.

According to Secretary of Commerce Luther H. Hodges, "Ever since we entered the Trade Fairs Program less than eight years ago, American music has been an integral part of every U.S. exhibition. . . . We have piped American music into U.S. pavilions at more than 100 international trade fairs. . . . Jazz has been especially popular, and in many instances young visitors to the fairs, reacting spontaneously to our music, would dance in the aisles. This happened on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

"All music at these exhibitions is not by mechanical means. . . . in Casablanca, Morocco, and Helsinki, Finland, we staged the Air Force dance band [the Airmen of Note], which played to standing room only on both occasions."

The Airmen of Note is a big band featuring many jazz arrangements and jazz soloists of quality.

One of the newest agencies of the government, the Peace Corps, employs jazz and jazz literature to establish liaison with the people it serves.

Padraic Kennedy, head of the corps' Division of Volunteer Field Support, pointed out that jazz is used two ways. First, copies of *Down Beat* are sent to volunteers in the field and made available to or read to persons interested in the music. "I'm sure every bit of reading material is devoured by the natives," Kennedy said. "In Africa, for example, there is little reading material, and many of the natives read and speak English, since English is taught in the schools." Second, several volunteers, who play instruments, have formed jazz groups among themselves and are starting bands among the people they serve. The musical volunteers also sit in with local bands.

But the greatest use of jazz in government is by the State Department and the United States Information Agency, the State Department in the form of tours by jazz groups and USIA with records, printed material, taped radio programs, and, most importantly, the Voice of America. Both have found jazz highly effective and widely accepted, even in remote areas of the world.

White House press secretary Pierre Salinger—jazz buff, pianist (he was something of a child prodigy and gave several concerts when he was a youth, though he was not a jazz pianist), and journalist who has written about jazz (he remembered fondly the times he wrote for the San Francisco *Chronicle* about the fledging Dave Brubeck Quartet, when the group had Cal Tjader on drums and vibes and Paul Desmond had just joined the group)—said in reference to the State Department's cultural exchange program, "There ought to be as much jazz used as possible. The cultural exchange program must show the many facets of American music. Certainly jazz is an integral part of it."

He went on to say that during his recent trip to the Soviet Union, he talked to a number of Russians who were interested in jazz. "They knew more about jazz than I did," he said with a chuckle, "knew more of the names. They listen to Willis Conover's Voice of America program —it's their point of contact."

That jazz has done a good job for the country and that it will continue to be used was reflected in Salinger's statement that "the President is very much aware of jazz and what it is doing."

THE STATE DEPARTMENT'S cultural exchange program, or as it is formally titled, The President's Special Program for Cultural Presentations, was this country's answer to the Soviet Union's use of artists as cold-war troops. Following World War II, Russia began sending artists to various countries as cultural ambassadors to make friends and influence governments. In 1954 President Eisenhower asked Congress to set up a fund that could be used to present our own cultural ambassadors overseas; Congress passed a bill allotting about $2,250,000 a year for this purpose, an amount that has not been appreciably increased in the eight years of the program.

Since 1954 the State Department has sent 206 cultural "projects" to 112 countries and other geographical entities (Hong Kong, French West Indies, etc.). Most of these tours have been made by one artist, usually an opera singer or a formal-music soloist. The types of artists, other than soloists, sent generally fall into six groups: choral, dance, drama, musical comedy, symphony orchestra, and jazz.

The first jazz group to be sent as a cultural presentation was Dizzy Gillespie's big band, in 1956. During the two-month tour, the Gillespie band performed for audiences in Iran, Pakistan, Syria, Turkey, Greece, and Yugoslavia.

Since that first jazz tour, there have been 15 others: two by Louis Armstrong (Africa, 1960, Chile, 1962), Dave Brubeck (Poland, Near and Middle East, 1958), Charlie Byrd (Latin America, 1961), Cozy Cole (currently touring Africa), Wilbur DeParis (Africa, 1957), another by Gillespie (South America, 1956), two by Benny Goodman (Asia, 1956-57, USSR, 1962), Woody Herman (Latin America, 1958), Herbie Mann (Africa, 1959-60), Ray McKinley (Poland, Yugoslavia, 1957), Red Nichols (Greece, Turkey, Cyprus, the Near and Middle East, South Asia, 1960), Jack Teagarden (the Near, Middle, and Far East, 1958-59), and Paul Winter (Latin America, 1962).

There have been other tours that were thought to be State Department sponsored, such as the Bud Shank-Bob Cooper-June Christy tour of the Union of South Africa, sponsored by that country's Durban University, in 1958, but have not been.

Since its inception the cultural program has been administered, for expenses incurred only, by the American National Theater and Academy, which has headquarters in New York City. ANTA describes itself as "an organization of theater services, information, and activities, Congressionally chartered [in 1935] and independently financed by its members and interested donors. . . ."

The organization does not book talent for the cultural

New York *Herald Tribune;* Alfred Frankenstein, San Francisco *Chronicle* music critic; Dr. Howard Hanson, director of the Eastman School of Music; Jay S. Harrison, managing editor of *Reader's Digest Music;* Edwin Hughes, executive secretary of the National Music Conference; Dr. Raymond Kendall, dean, University of Southern California music school; Arthur Loesser, Cleveland *Press* music editor; John Rosenfield, Dallas *Morning News* critic; Dr. Mark Schubert, dean, Juilliard School of Music; Dr. William Schuman, composer, president of the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, and the panel's permanent honorary member; Nicolas Slonimsky, musicologist; Dr. Carleton Sprague Smith, director of the Brazilian Institute of New York University; Dr. Marshall Stearns, author, president of the Institute of Jazz Studies; Virgil Thompson, composer, author, critic; and John S. Wilson, author, jazz critic.

All musical groups—jazz and otherwise—and soloists must first be judged by this panel as artistically worthy of representing the United States abroad before they are considered for a tour. In the cases of jazz groups applying, the panel members usually accede to the judgments of Stearns and Wilson, according to one member.

In order to be considered by ANTA, the applicant must first submit a letter to Gertrude Macy, general manager of the cultural program, with information about time of availability, proposed area of the tour, press clippings, publicity material, and sample programs. A tape or record, in the case of a jazz group, should be included.

If a jazz group is passed by the panel, it is then placed in a "pool," that is, a list of those judged excellent.

Getting out of the pool is difficult.

According to ANTA, "If the project is artistically qualified . . . it is then submitted to the Presentations Division of the Bureau of Educational Affairs of the State Department for final approval. . . . Before approval can be obtained, several factors must be taken into consideration, such as funds available, suitability of the attraction for the areas under consideration, over-all President's Program plans, budget submitted, etc. The State Department is guided in its decisions by a survey of the American diplomatic posts abroad, the opinions of foreign-desk personnel at the State Department, and an over-all Operations Co-ordinating Board, an advisory group composed of experts from several governmental agencies."

About 75 jazz groups apply each year (some of which are applying for other than the first time), but only about only when they get out on a tour.

Miss Gerstein pointed out that the offstage activities of the artists are at least as important as those onstage but that "there is 98 percent success onstage for all tours—jazz or other."

Reflecting on the program's beginning, she said, "The whole program strived for culture with a capital C. The idea originally was to show the world that Americans were not cultural barbarians. In eight years it has gotten away from this so as to show the whole scene. But some feel it should be more longhair—classical music and straight dramatic plays."

Not all opposition to the program comes from those seeking the exclusion of everything not Culture. The most important opposition comes from some members of Congress, most notably Rep. John J. Rooney (D-N.Y.), who is chairman of the subcommittee to which the State Department must account for money spent in the program. Another strong opponent is Sen. John L. Fulbright (D-Ark.), whose ire was raised, according to those close to the situation, when a choral group from his state was refused, on artistic merits, State Department funds to travel to and compete at a choral contest in Italy, a contest that the Arkansians won, after they had obtained private sponsorship for the trip.

At this writing, the whole cultural presentations program operation is being surveyed by Congressional order and in accordance to the way the program was set up.

Much of the difficulty with Congress revolves around salaries paid performers; some members of Congress feel they are extremely high.

In a letter to this writer, Rep. Frank Thompson Jr. (D-N.J.) wrote, "As co-author with Sen. Hubert Humphrey of the basic legislation known as Public Law 860-84th Congress, which made the President's Cultural Exchange Program permanent, I certainly think jazz should be part of ANTA's program. However . . . ANTA's program is now under serious review by the State Department's Advisory Committee and by members of Congress from both parties who have attacked it on the grounds that performing artists are paid three times as much as the members of the President's cabinet, Federal judges, generals, and admirals. The salaries paid under ANTA's program have been at the weekly rate of $1,500 . . . this figures out at what we pay the President of the United States: $75,000.

"Everyone, even the critics of the ANTA program, agrees that the arts should be used in our foreign policy,

Benny Goodman and orchestra, Tokyo

Brubeck and men, Bombay

but it has been increasingly difficult to defend this program in Congress. The defense . . . is made more difficult by the fact that top artists like Bob Hope and Danny Kaye contribute their services free to entertain our troops overseas.

"It is my hope that the State Department's study will make some positive recommendations which will reduce the criticism presently leveled at what is, obviously, a necessary and important program."

On the other side of the fence, Heath Bowman, Director of Cultural Presentations for the State Department, was firm in his conviction that artists are not overpaid.

"There's much complaint that performers get too much money," he said. "It is a matter of negotiation and persuasion to get prices down to something reasonable. Some say artists go out free for the USO, so why not for the United States government. But we have to have long tours—most last eight to 15 weeks. To ask an artist to go for this length of time for free is asking quite a lot."

According to Bowman, payment to musical groups is based on scale, and 75 percent of those sent overseas go for scale, those getting more being the exceptions. The members of a group must pay all their personal expenses; the government pays the travel fare. The tour's cost is offset somewhat by the admissions charged to attend the presentations; the admission price is usually low.

Bowman cited as a great difficulty Congress' not substantially increasing the amount of money for the program during the last eight years:

"In 1958 we signed the first cultural exchange agreement with the Soviets. This became a heavy obligation because no more money was allotted. Then came the emerging nations. . . ."

About the survey, which was to be completed by January 1, Bowman said, "The object is to see if there are ways and means to utilize the money better. There will be no new commitments made until the survey is over, but we will, of course, honor those already made.

"We are going ahead with new things for the Soviet Union, however. The government's current agreement is for two years and was signed in February, 1962. We sent three attractions in 1962, one of which was Benny Goodman. We finally got our foot in the door with jazz. We are proposing jazz again for the second year period. The first thing we're proposing is that of the three attractions sent, one must be a jazz group. This year we are proposing Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, and Count Basie."

(When Ellington was asked about his being proposed for a tour of Russia, he said, "It's the first I've heard of it. Nobody told me.")

Bowman said that one of the main reasons for submitting Basie, Ellington, and Armstrong to the Russians was that they were the names most often cited as being better choices than Benny Goodman when Goodman's tour was announced.

Asked why Goodman was chosen to lead the first jazz group to tour the USSR officially, Bowman replied, "Basically, I think why Goodman was sent—and it was the last thing they agreed to—was because he had been working hard on this himself. He had been playing for visiting Russians, sending records to Russia, and saying he wanted to go. His being a classical player finally influenced the Russians to agree to his going.

"When we first proposed Goodman, they said no. Then we asked them if they would take Louis Armstrong, and they just laughed. I think they felt there would be riots in the Soviet Union if Armstrong went.

"Jazz has a tremendous following in the Soviet Union. It is associated with individualism, America, and all the other forbidden things."

Much of the criticism emanating from the Soviet Union about Goodman's tour had to do with the Russians' desire, at least the jazz fans', to hear more-modern jazz.

Bowman's answer: "Jazz that's not too progressive will satisfy more Russians. We must try to appeal to all Russians and can't presuppose they'll understand the music. We are not sending music for specialists.

"The first reason for sending groups to any foreign country is that the citizens can see something, somebody, American. Jazz is secondary."

Speaking about the presentations program generally, Bowman said, "One of the chief things for us to decide is whom to send. We try to keep a balance of performing arts—theater, dance, music. You obviously are not going to send a symphony orchestra to Africa; there are few halls, and hotel rooms are difficult to find.

"Related to the question of balance, we rely heavily on our posts as to what will go over in various countries and what has been there recently."

The department has not always been successful in maintaining a balance, at least as far as jazz is concerned. The Philippines has had the most cultural presentations, 29, but only one has been jazz (Jack Teagarden's sextet). At the other extreme, the Sudan has been sent only three presentations, all of which were jazz—Herbie Mann, Louis Armstrong, and Wilbur DeParis. And Latin America has received the most jazz; many Latin countries have heard four groups—no country in the world has been sent more than four. Even at that, the Latin nations, excepting Cuba, have had anywhere from 10 to 28 presentations each. Bowman explained that a diplomatic post cannot be sent an attraction it does not want. When the posts are queried, which is about once a year, they list what attractions they feel would be good for their areas, and if they want jazz, they often name names ("Everybody wants Louis Armstrong," he said).

"As far as jazz is concerned," Bowman continued, "there is hardly any place where it is not extremely successful. In certain places, we're helped because jazz gets around on its own, particularly in western Europe. We'd never send a group to western Europe; Congress is quite concerned that we not supplement commercial traffic."

As successful as jazz has been in the presentations program, some of the men sent on the tours have brought discredit to the country and the jazz profession. One group that toured Africa, for example, left a bad taste in the mouths of those with whom they came in contact by complaining long and loud about the heat, the flies, and the lack of air conditioning. One musician with another group was having trouble getting his baggage aboard a plane and said something about "these damned foreigners." He was fired on the spot.

Most jazzmen sent, however, do a good job off the stand as well as on.

But whether they do a good job offstage or not, most musicians who have made tours have complaints of varying importance.

The members of one group hoped the advance man for their tour (the one who makes flight reservations and books hotel rooms for the musicians) would meet them upon their return. They had spent much thought on different ways of getting even with him for the bad or high-priced accommodations he had set up for them.

Charlie Byrd, as have others who have made tours, complained about some State Department personnel overseas making demands on musicians' time by having them play at embassy or consulate functions. But, in defense of the officials, it must be stated that no musician is forced to perform at such functions.

Then there is the language problem, which causes difficulty wherever a group might be sent. The members of the

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Preservation Hall
NEW ORLEANS REBIRTH

By CHARLES SUHOR

THERE'S A New Orleans revival going on. But unlike most New Orleans revivals of the last couple of decades, it is going on in New Orleans, and its principals are not tousled-haired youngsters trying to re-create the sounds of another generation but the actual men who lived and played in New Orleans at the turn of the century.

The center of the excitement is a unique establishment in the French Quarter called Preservation Hall.

There is no cover charge or minimum at the hall; there are no waiters, drinks, or even tables. Patrons seat themselves on a collection of chairs and lounges (or on crowded nights, on the floor) and contribute to a kitty, which is the hall's main source of income. Within a given month, as many as 50 of the reactivated jazzmen might be heard, from relatively well-known musicians like clarinetist George Lewis and trombonist Jim Robinson to figures virtually unknown outside of purist circles, such as John Casimir and Peter Bocage.

The hall originated in May, 1961, when Grayson (Ken) Mills went to the Crescent City from the West Coast to record some of the older musicians for his Icon label.

Mills hoped to experiment with various combinations of instrumentalists before an audience and to give the musicians a chance to redevelop their technique. He persuaded an old friend and art dealer, Larry Bornstein, to give him the use of his St. Peter Street gallery for weekend sessions.

A group of interested jazz fans responded with promises to help organize the hall, which was tentatively named the Slow Drag in honor of bassist Alcide Pavageau. Allan and Sandra Jaffe, a young couple from Philadelphia, and Chicagoan Barbara Reid became an informal staff for the hall, and the sessions soon had a considerable following through word-of-mouth publicity and the encouragement of the New Orleans Jazz Club and Tulane University's jazz archivists Bill Russell and Dick Allen.

Soon, Mills was able to set up a regular six-night-a-week schedule of jazz, featuring seven to 10 groups a month.

Orleanians began to hear once again musicians like Punch Miller, Kid Howard, Sweet Emma Barrett, Paul Barbarin, and Billie and Dede Pierce, playing with near total freedom, minus the familiar figure of an anxious club-owner eying the cash register and urging the musicians to grimace and clown and end each set with the *Saints*.

The musicians became aware of the uniqueness of their situation. No other place in town—indeed, few places anywhere—could boast an audience whose purpose it was strictly to listen—not to talk, dance, drink, or engage a B-girl.

Their satisfaction was reflected in their playing, and a real esprit de corps grew. The bands rehearsed regularly, and the hall's staff continued to seek out older jazz musicians, sometimes furnishing instruments at its own expense. When Mills assured the union that he would pay musicians from his not-too-abundant pocket in cases of an inadequate kitty, the musicians in turn voted to turn over all tips to the hall.

By July, 1961, there was a widespread realization among jazz fans of the hall's importance. An attempt was made to assure its future by forming the New Orleans Society for the Preservation of Traditional Jazz, with Mills as president and Bill Russell as an adviser.

However, internal dissension among the hall's organizers over the financing of a recording session at the hall soon followed. Mills withdrew from the running of the hall, and the society asked Allan and Sandra Jaffee to carry on Mills' job as chief manager of the hall's activities.

The society was dissolved, but Jaffe accepted the responsibility, quitting a well-paying job to manage the hall. Jaffe's goal was to avoid future crises by finding other sources of income t act as a prop for the hall's inconsisten kitty.

Left to right: Jim Robinson, Wilbert Tilman, Andy Anderson, John Casimir, and Joe Robichaux.

Four perpetuators of the N. O. traditions: Albe Giles, Dede and Billie Pierce, and George Lewi

This was partially accomplished wit the help of several major publicit breaks. *David Brinkley's Journal* did distorted feature on the dearth of trad tional jazz in New Orleans, which wa nevertheless redeemed partially by it attention to the hall's program. The As sociated Press carried a story on the hal which resulted in the exporting of fou bands (Kid Howard's, Kid Sheik's Punch Miller's, and Noon Johnson's for engagements at the Tudor Arm Hotel in Cleveland. Nesuhi Ertegu recorded a series of albums for Atlanti called *Jazz at Preservation Hall*.

Jaffe began acting as an agent for th hall's bands on bookings and tours bringing in money to keep the hall op erating during the slack tourist season (The Baton Rouge, La., Symphony Orchestra and Houston, Texas, Con temporary Arts Society were among those contracting for groups from th hall.) He also initiated record sales in the hall's patio, but, true to the policy of nonhustling, the records are simply made available to visitors.

THE WIDESPREAD recognition of the hall has not changed its essentially informal, productive atmosphere. A wider audience is being reached—including the social register, the college crowd, and an amalgam of personalities from Lucy Baird Johnson to Norman Thomas —but the admixture of rapport and respectfulness that always had characterized the hall's audiences remains. The musicians still play with a vigorous, unself-conscious abandon, reflecting their primary concern with musical expression and their lack of ensnarlment in commercial considerations.

Jaffe is highly sensitive to the combination of human and musical elements that have determined the hall's success.

Avoiding the patronizing paternalism commonly turned upon the early jazzman, he has adopted a straightforward musicians-first policy. For example,

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GERRY MULLIGAN: A WRITER'S CREDO

STEF LEINWOHL

By GENE LEES

"WHY AREN'T you writing more?" a friend asked Gerry Mulligan recently.

A rising young arranger said, "I learned a lot from Gerry. He's such a fine arranger. I wish he'd write more these days."

Another friend buttonholed Mulligan to say, "The only criticism I've ever had of your big band is that there aren't more of your charts in the book."

To all of which Mulligan grins and says, "I feel like asking all of them, 'Why don't you write something for me?' "

The fact remains that one of the best and most influential of modern arrangers writes remarkably few jazz arrangements nowadays. He does produce spontaneous ones with his quartet, which he plays with as much warmth and amiability as he ever did. But the big-band arranging of which he is one of the leading exponents isn't coming from his pen in any quantity these days.

Mulligan has been closely involved in the entire history of modern jazz orchestration, and younger fans, who know him primarily as a baritone saxophonist, are unaware of it. Yet it was as a writer that he gained his broadest early acceptance,

and some of the arrangements he wrote for Gene Krupa—and an original for Stan Kenton called *Young Blood*—are well-remembered classics.

In the 1940s, Mulligan was writing for the Claude Thornhill Band. The band's chief arranger was Gil Evans. Mulligan and Evans agree that Thornhill never has been given his due as an influence in the evolution of modern jazz writing. It was Thornhill's instrumentation (the use of French horns was among his innovations) that led to the development of Evans' early style.

In 1949 Evans and Mulligan had an idea for an experimental band. Pooling efforts and resources with other searchers, including John Lewis and Miles Davis, they organized a group. When Davis arranged for jobs and recordings, he became leader.

"We kicked the ideas around all that winter," Mulligan said. "We were looking for the smallest ensemble to give the writers the maximum possibilities. We got it down to six men and the rhythm section. You couldn't write for the sections—sax section, trumpet section, trombone section—because there were no sections."

The influence of the Evans-Mulligan-Davis nine-piece band is well known. It played few public engagements, though it made some appearances at the old Royal Roost in New York City. But it did make a series of single records for Capitol, launching the era of so-called cool jazz and shaking up jazz arrangers rather considerably.

Lewis went on to the Modern Jazz Quartet and Third Streamism. Evans and Davis were to part company for a few years, to join talents again in the mid-1950s to produce a now-famous series of trumpet-and-orchestra albums for Columbia. And Mulligan went on to form a series of groups, including a sextet and a big band and several editions of a quartet, the latest revision of which includes Mulligan on baritone and occasionally piano; Bob Brookmeyer on trombone and, also occasionally, piano; Bill Crow, bass; and Gus Johnson, drums.

Mulligan remembers with particular affection the version of the quartet that included Chet Baker on trumpet.

"Chet was one of the best intuitive musicians I've ever seen," Mulligan said. "We used to get some remarkable things going. I remember one night at the Haig in Los Angeles, nobody called a tune all evening. As a tune ended, someone would noodle with another melody, and we would all go into the same thing. We'd play for an hour and a half that way, take a break, and go on and do it again. It never let up. It was one of the most exciting evenings of playing I can remember."

Like Gil Evans, Mulligan has debts as an orchestrator to Duke Ellington.

There are, basically, two ways to orchestrate for the large jazz orchestra: the Don Redman-Fletcher Henderson way, which involves voicing saxes with saxes, trumpets with trumpets, trombones with trombones, in blocks; and the Ellington way, which, while recognizing the existence of the sections, doesn't hesitate to voice across the section lines—for example, a trumpet, a clarinet, and bass clarinet in trio in front of the rest of the band.

Evans' approach to the orchestra, while the end result sounds vastly different, is technically similar to Ellington's. So, very often, is Mulligan's.

Mulligan has been writing for big bands since he was 15, which means that although he is only 35, he's had 20 years' experience at it. Besides Thornhill and Krupa, he wrote for the Elliot Lawrence Band and several other groups. His own Tentet records for Capitol, which came after the Miles Davis nine-piece sides, still stand as some of the most delightful writing in jazz.

Why, then, has this long stream of impressive writing stopped—or at least slowed?

"I don't know why I'm not writing, really," Mulligan said during a reflective evening in New York, where he lives. "There are so many reasons that there's no one.

"My approach to the thing was always to simplify rather than to complicate. I've concentrated on the small band lately, but I've used my arranging ability not in written orchestrations but in making spontaneous arrangements and un-writing things we worked out. The main point has been to be able to change our arrangements to suit our whim. This is true of all the groups I've had.

"If I haven't written much for the big band, I've always tried to be clear about what I wanted the writing to be like. I made my taste the criterion in my approach to the band, and usually if I made myself explicit to the arrangers, they were happier, because they knew the restrictions within which they could work.

"But I wanted to keep freedom in it too—to permit the guys to improvise patterns, riffs, and the like, in ensemble behind the soloists. Bob Brookmeyer would wisecrack, 'We're having a rehearsal. Bring your erasers.' "

Mulligan said he spends most his time erasing things. He quotes Dizzy Gillespie as once saying, "It's not what you put in—it's what you leave out." Mulligan said he feels that's very frequently the case—and he would like what is going on in jazz writing better these days if "more guys understood that."

"Whereas everyone's been after me to write," he said, "I've been happy to let it rest. For one thing, I don't have the drive I had when I was experimenting, because I'm no longer experimenting—I *know* what I want.

"Then, too, to be honest, I find writing very frustrating. I'm a slow writer, because I'm trying always to think what it will feel like to play it in various situations. There's too much in jazz writing that doesn't move well. They haven't learned from the simplifying that we did with that nine-piece band with Miles, when we got it down to the fewest necessary elements.

"They seem to be reverting to writing by section. We should consider the dance-jazz ensemble as an orchestra to write for, not as three sections. But the guys today are writing more vertically than we were doing in the late '40s and early '50s.

"Mind you, it often *sounds* simpler. But that's because more groups of studio men can make things swing today than the guys would have been able to do 15 years ago."

Did this mean that the level of musicianship today is higher than it was then?

"I suppose," Mulligan said . . . and then added: "No. Let's say that the developments in jazz since that time have demanded more technical fluency. Musicianship is something more than fluency."

Mulligan paused at this point. The location was a musicians' hangout on 48th St. He ordered a beer and then asked the waiter what was on the menu. Hearing, he made a wry face. "I don't like food that much," he said.

"That's why you're so skinny," a musician cracked.

Mulligan's huge Irish grin flashed on, and he said "Yeah? A lot of my fat friends wish they disliked food as much as I do." Finally, though, he ordered and returned to the subject of jazz writing.

"This business of looking for new forms is asinine," he said. "The forms are there. They've got to be used. The problem I ran into, and I suppose all the other guys ran into, was that we tried to expand and disguise the existing

forms and find new ones.

"What I came back to is that jazz is a music to be played and not to be intellectualized on.

"We're back to the same forms. With the quartet, we've got to a point where the arrangements are as simple as possible. The function of the arranger is to set up a framework for the players to express themselves—and not only the soloists but the whole ensemble. This is applicable to the big band as well. That's why there are those improvised ensemble passages. I want things to arise as naturally as possible.

"I saw the direction we were all going—getting involved in classical techniques. I find it difficult to concern myself with watered-down versions of what classical composers did 50 years ago.

"From time to time you hear in classical music an idea you can make use of. But just to start using it, to throw it into the music, is no good. You must go through a period of initiation with it, then figure out how to use it."

He said it would be nice to have an experimental orchestra but that he found out the only way he could have one was to pay for it himself.

"It's not enough to write it—it's got to be played and *heard*," he said. "That's experimentation, and I don't believe that experimental things are meant to be heard by the public. They're for the composers themselves to hear. I don't want everything I write to be heard. I wrote and rehearsed a number of things for the big band that I still haven't used. We should all be not only professionals but also perpetual amateurs."

A classical composer to whose influence Mulligan submitted himself was Paul Hindemith. Yet this was a case of absorption: Mulligan took from Hindemith precisely what he wanted. He explained:

"When I was writing for Gene Krupa and other big bands in the 1940s, I became involved with the problem of naming some of the chords I was writing. And then I came across the Hindemith technical books, not all of which I had the equipment to understand.

"He was criticizing the formal theories of harmony. They make up rules of harmony that are so loaded with exceptions that the rules don't mean anything. Traditional harmony says that a fourth isn't a chord. And that's ridiculous. It is. Hindemith showed that going up the overtone series you cover everything. I was delighted to see this. I voiced chords in fourths—chords for which there was no name, but which implied the sound of some chord for which there was a name.

"A-D-G-C sounds like a C-chord, but it's not. A C-chord is E-G-C. Through that period, when I was reading the Hindemith books, I learned the lack of importance of naming chords."

A musician whose work Mulligan has lately found stimulating and interesting is Ornette Coleman. At first, he said, he was repelled by Coleman's playing.

"But as soon as I forgot about the mechanics of music as I know them, I was very excited by it," he said.

"Ornette is a very talented writer. He writes very clever and nicely constructed pieces for his group. As a matter of fact, I asked him to write a thing for my quartet, which we unfortunately never could play.

"I'm well aware of the pitfalls of extreme freedom in improvisation. Guys can become just as repetitious in their choruses as when they have restrictions.

"In a group, you have to work inside the limitations of the members, and we *all* have limitations. We tried to play Ornette's piece, but there were too many tempo changes and key changes. So I can't say we gave it a fair try.

"But, on the other hand, I can't say he wrote a piece for my group."

FOR ALL THAT Mulligan may not be actively writing arrangements now, it seems likely that he will resume doing so for his big band. He had planned to take the band out again this spring but has decided to work out the season with the quartet. He has changed booking agencies, and the bookings in the field he wants to work in—the colleges and small campuses—are starting to roll in. The forthcoming tour appeals to him, he said, especially since there's a tour of Japan in the works at the end of it.

"The big band is far from being ancient history," he added. "We have an unreleased album in the can with Verve, and I'm toying with the idea of taking the band out this fall.

"By the way, while we're on the subject, there's a matter I'd like to get straightened out. Martin Williams said in a record review in *Down Beat* something to the effect that the big band was a financial failure. That is not so.

"The band did not lose money. At a time when one bandleader went $60,000 in debt . . . it's quite remarkable that my band didn't lose money. I don't owe a dime because of it, and the arrangements are all paid for when I want to take it out again. But the reasoning seemed to run: I disbanded, didn't I? Why else would I disband?

"I thought by now I'd established a pattern that the critics would understand. My bands last two years, more or less, and then I take time off to digest what I've been doing. Each band is another experience. I may put the same group back together as I've done lately with the quartet, but I like to take those periods off. I've been doing that for 10 years, and as many times as I've said publicly that this is what I do, no one ever seems to believe it.

"You know, there can be a philosophy of bandleading, as there can be a philosophy of anything. But you're accused of being pretentious and conceited if you state a philosophy.

"I've learned from many things. As you know, I did a few acting roles in films, and I learned a great deal from them—from seeing a whole put together.

"But I'm not an actor, and I don't want to be one."

This brought him to a peeve:

"It seems that in this country, you're expected to be a specialist. People get used to you in a certain role in life, and they don't like you to step out of it. In other countries, particularly the Latin countries, it doesn't surprise anyone when a man is an attorney and a jazz musician, or a playwright and a painter. People in this country seem to find it hard to understand that a man can have a deep and abiding interest in one art and a lesser, but still real, interest in another."

One of his greatest current pleasures is writing songs to lyrics by actress Judy Holliday for a Broadway show.

"Who knows what I'll eventually be able to do because of this broadening of experience? When, for example, we're doing something with the quartet on television, it helps to understand the production problems and the nature of the work of the people you're dealing with. Some day I'd like to produce such things, not just play in them."

For the moment, though, it's the quartet and probably the big band in the fall.

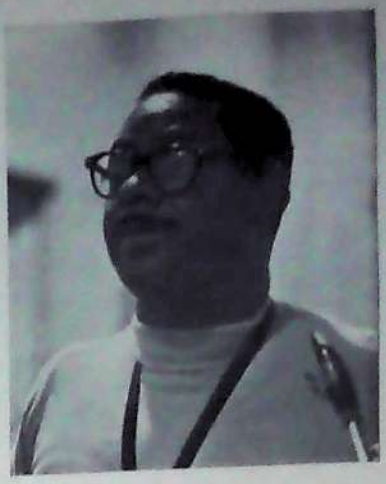
"And I'll probably get around to doing some writing."

PHOTOS BY ROGER MARSHUTZ/CONTEMPORARY RECORDS

JIMMY WOODS

Fire In The West

By JOHN TYNAN



THOUGH THERE is only one album of his own in release, and he has only a single appearance on another record as a sideman, Jimmy Woods' name is beginning to register among jazzmen far removed from Woods' Los Angeles residence.

A visitor to the coast recently remarked, "In Chicago they're talking about Jimmy Woods." In other jazz centers, too, his name is beginning to mean something as a new, strong voice on alto saxophone and as a writing talent as well.

The 28-year-old Woods, a native of St. Louis, Mo., is stirring something of the sort of reaction that a West Coast predecessor of his did some four years ago. That was Ornette Coleman.

But Jimmy is no Ornette, and he is the first to disabuse anyone of the notion that they are musically akin.

Both made an initial impact as alto saxophonists; both worked in the same Los Angeles department store at the same time—1956—where they first met. There the similarity ends. Coleman attained some additional left-field celebrity because he played an unusual white plastic horn, obtained for a song from a pawnbroker. Woods' heart lies with the tenor saxophone, the instrument on which he began his musical career in 1951 with Homer Carter's rhythm-and-blues combo out of Seattle, Wash. And before long, he said, he may be playing tenor again.

What caused the flurry of interest in Woods when his first album, *Awakening!*, was released in mid-1962? Writer Nat Hentoff, in the album's notes, may have put his finger on it when he wrote of Woods' "passionate, penetrating sound and speechlike phrasing; fiercely secure sense of swing; and an empirical commitment to freedom that leads him into new ways of expanding the jazz language."

But one must consider also the state of affairs in jazz today and Woods' emerging place in it.

Jazz seems to be passing through a time of trouble and confusion, possibly best illustrated by the current musical approaches of John Coltrane, Eric Dolphy, Don Ellis, Cecil Taylor, Paul Bley, and Jimmy Giuffre, among others, of the inarticulately dubbed "new thing" area of exploration.

Ornette Coleman was welcomed primarily because he was new and shocking. Well, jazz needed a few telling shocks. There seemed to be developing during the 1950s a smug complacency in the music, embedded basically in the heroic status of Miles Davis and Thelonious Monk. Now, with the assaults of the "new thing" disciples, the shocks have taken on the trappings of a jazz putsch.

In this atmosphere, the emergence of a Jimmy Woods is made that much easier because Woods, too, is a shaker-upper in his way and, as such, was sure of finding sympathizers in a jazz community seemingly lacking in a sense of security and ever ready to embrace the adventurous and the radical. This is not to disparage Woods' contributions, past or potential. He is entering the jazz stage at a propitious moment, and that is all.

Woods, who is married and has a 6-year-old son (the tune *Little Jim* in the LP *Awakening!* is dedicated to him), says he was "very lucky" in his first album.

Likable and quick to smile and laugh and given to uninhibited whoops of delight whenever something tickles his fancy or his intellect, Woods is equally frank about things important to him. About the first album, he said, "I was afraid."

Fear—apprehension probably is the more accurate term—is no stranger to Woods where his music is concerned. There was a time, he recalled, when he put his horn in a corner, not touching it for months. "I'd look at it," he chuckled abashedly, "and be afraid to play."

His apprehension sprang from the creative root rather than neurotic feelings of incapacity, a phenomenon familiar to artists who, though feeling compelled to create, experience a simultaneous feeling of impending disaster. The fact that Woods did pick up his horn and play—and still does regularly—shows a conquest of that "fear" of playing.

His attitude toward music is bound to his philosophy as a human being: "I have a conception of my responsibility to other people."

Such conception manifested itself in the year of duty he put in as a night attendant in the probation department at Juvenile Hall in Los Angeles. It was a lean time for gigs, and Woods said he took the job "because I felt that if I couldn't play, I could at least communicate with people in *this* way." In spring of 1962, he said, "I think it's important work. To help kids who get in trouble or maybe commit crimes. They need help."

But the 10 p.m.-6 a.m. schedule of his shift at Juvenile Hall played havoc with any plans for a regular jazz-club job.

"It doesn't give me a chance to play in clubs," he lamented last spring. "But lately I've been practicing three hours a day, and I feel it's really helped my playing."

One opportunity to play while keeping the Juvenile Hall schedule was provided by Shelly's Manne-Hole. Drummer-proprietor Shelly Manne made an opening at the Hollywood club for the Jimmy Woods Quartet (Dick Whittington, piano; Gary Peacock, bass; Milt Turner, bass) on Woods' night off.

Following are excerpts from this writer's notes taken during that engagement:

"Woods' fierce, biting playing belies his shy . . . manner. In this respect, Woods similar to Ornette Coleman. His (Woods') playing veers between passionate assertiveness and occasional seemingly aimless wandering — tentative, probing." His sound on *Embraceable You* was noted to be "a bit muted." By the time he'd reached his fourth chorus on that tune, "he'd taken off into free flight." An "untrammeled range of emotional expression" was ascribed to his solo on *Stella by Starlight*, and in the same numbers a

(Continued on page 44)

Out Of My Head

By GEORGE CRATER

DOWN BEAT: 1973

January—There's a rumor that Joe Williams may return to the Count Basie Band. . . . Henry Mancini, in an exclusive interview, says that the day is near when television will stop using jazz backgrounds for shows featuring crime and violence. . . . Verve releases *The Genius of Charlie Parker, Vol. 1,237.* . . . Roland Kirk wins the 37th annual Readers Poll in best big-band category. . . . Charlie Mingus says he's through with the United States and will live permanently on Devil's Island.

February—Delmar records reveals it has two *Mose Allison Sings Country and Western* LPs ready for release soon. . . . Dinah Washington marries a midget dart blower, his first, her last. . . . Sam Dudley quits as editor of *Down Beat* to embark on a singing career. Associate Editor Harvey Penmore heads the list of probable replacements. . . . Because of a lack of public support, the Blow Some Mo' closes in New York City, bringing the total number of jazz night clubs in the big city down to 844.

March—After more than 20 years in the public eye, Cal Tjader gives in to requests from friends and relatives and drops the T from his last name. . . . Marty Stram named new editor of *Down Beat.* . . . At a concert in Detroit, trumpeter Miles Davis is taken by surprise when the 2,000-plus audience gets up and turns its back on him during his solo on *So What?* . . . Louis Armstrong returns from a successful tour of Outer Mongolia.

April—Twenty-eight independent jazz labels report LP sales up 50 percent because of the resurgence, after a nine-year absence from the jazz scene, of the blues. . . . Eddie Harris cuts a jazz version of *The Star-Spangled Banner* for Vee Jay. . . . Cannonball Adderley adds three new pieces (harpsichord, B♭ harmonica, and bass manzello) to his 72-piece band. . . . Dave Brubeck's latest album *Son of Time Further Out in Inner Space,* features the pianist experimenting with new time signatures, including 83/32 and 25/16.

May—Before leaving for Devil's Island, Charlie Mingus sings *Every Day I Have the Blues* and then punches three *Down Beat* critics in the mouth. . . . There's a rumor that Joe Williams will return to the Count Basie Band. . . . Marty Stram quits as editor of *Down Beat* to embark on a singing career. Associate Editor Harvey Penmore heads the list of probable replacements. . . . Los Angeles Local 47 sues AT&T and the U.S. government because Telstar is using foreign musicians for soundtracks heard in the United States. . . . Bill Potts is assigned to do the arrangements for *The Jazz Sole of Thom McAn.* . . . Sonny Stitt claims the T that Cal Jader dropped. He is now Sonny Sttitt.

June—Cannonball Adderley breaks up his big band and forms a small 28-piece combo. . . . Johnny Hartman wins International Jazz Critics Poll in new-star male vocalist category. . . . Erwin Arnet is named new editor of *Down Beat.* . . . Chentzer Toy Co. introduces its Les McCann Windup Doll. Wind it up and it builds a church.

July—Verve issues an LP entitled *The Genius of Big Jay McNeeley.* . . . After getting hit on the foot by a cello, Al Hirt really does. . . . Bassist Freddie Schrieber makes a successful comeback. . . . Hottest jazz single in six years is Verve's *Whatever Stan Wants Stan Getz.* . . . Charlie Mingus returns from Devil's Island, saying, "It's a nice place to live, but I wouldn't want to sing there." . . . Curtis Fuller successfully switches to drums and is now known as the Fuller Brush Man.

August—Newest jazz single is *I Love Paris* by Percy France. . . . Gorkaphonist Glimp Lymphly joins the new George Russell group. . . . Ex-politician-turned-folk-singer Ross Barnett, wows crowd at Newport Jazz Festival with stomping rendition of *John Brown's Body.* . . . Erwin Arnet resigns as editor of *Down Beat* to pursue a singing career. Associate Editor Harvey Penmore heads the list of probable replacements. . . . Drummer Pierre LeSouk is the latest musician to become an expatriate and live in France. . . . Gerry Mulligan sues Campbell's Soups for royalties on a stew marketed without his permission.

September—At Monterey Jazz Festival, Yusef Lateef refuses to blow with Chuck Israels. In retaliation, Al Cohn refuses ever to listen to *A Night in Tunisia* again. . . . Morris Cariton named new editor of *Down Beat.* . . . Paul Desmond gains 10 pounds and is no longer allowed to lean on pianos. . . . Contemporary presents the first LP based on a novel. It features altoist Paul Horn and percussionist Shelly Manne. However, a printer's mistake has the jacket reading *Young Horn with a Manne.*

October—Benny Goodman named by State Department for big-band-jazz tour of Communist China. In effort to bolster band with name personnel, Goodman signs Jonah Jones, Roger Williams, Lenny Bruce, and James Shigeta. . . . John Coltrane records *My Favorite Things Bossa Nova* on soprano stritch. . . . *Down Beat* starts a "Give Machito a Last Name" contest. . . . Latest craze in cereal industry is jazz-musician trading cards. One Ornette Coleman is going for two James Moodys, a Wayne King, and three Riverside album liner notes.

November—Herbie Mann's latest Afro-jazz LP has a rhythm section consisting of the entire nation of Sierra Leone. . . . Dizzy Gillespie's goatee is imprinted in wet cement ceremony in front of Minton's. . . . Martha Glaser claims her newest piano discovery, Clark Kent, plays like a superman. . . . Stan Kenton records *Artistry in Rhythm* backwards. . . . Audio Fidelity issues *The Genius of Norman Granz.* . . . George Wein sponsors the first outdoor winter jazz festival, in Mountain Home, Idaho. The first LP issued of the concert is Prestige's *Freezin' with the Miles Davis Sextet.*

December—Eddie Harris cuts a jazz version of *Silent Night* for Vee Jay. . . . The Bill Evans Trio plays a concert on the White House lawn for President Ted Kennedy. . . . There's a rumor that Joe Williams will rejoin the Count Basie Band. . . . Martin Williams admits that he never met Ornette Coleman. . . . Barney Kessel takes singing lessons and vows to replace Elvis Presley as nation's No. 1 recording star. . . . Morris Cariton quits as editor of *Down Beat* to embark on a singing career. Associate Editor Harvey Penmore, clutching a photo of Sonny Rollins, jumps from the George Washington Bridge. DB

BLUE NOTE

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The Tokyo Blues
Horace Silver **BLP 4110***

Midnight Special
Jimmy Smith **BLP 4078***

Gravy Train
Lou Donaldson **BLP 4079***

The Amazing Bud Powell
Bud Powell **BLP 1503/04**

All Stars
Sonny Rollins **BLP 1558**

Somethin' Else
Cannonball Adderley **BLP 1595**

A Fickle Sonance
Jackie McLean **BLP 4089***

Moanin'
Art Blakey **BLP 4003***

Tempus Fugit
Miles Davis **BLP 1501/02**

Hey There!
The 3 Sounds **BLP 4102***

Blue Train
John Coltrane **BLP 1577***

Genius of Modern Music
Thelonius Monk **BLP 1510/11**

record reviews

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Leonard G. Feather, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, Richard B. Hadlock, Don Nelsen, Bill Mathieu, Harvey Pekar, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson. Reviews are initialed by the writers.

Ratings are: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ excellent, ★ ★ ★ ★ very good, ★ ★ ★ good, ★ ★ fair, ★ poor.

INSTRUMENTAL

Donald Byrd

ROYAL FLUSH—Blue Note 4101: *Hush; I'm a Fool to Want You; Jorgie's; Shangri-La; 6 M's; Requiem.*

Personnel: Byrd, trumpet; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Butch Warren, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This album, made about 1½ years ago, serves as a reminder of how potent and musically satisfying was the quintet co-led by Byrd, surely one of the most lyrical trumpeters since Clifford Brown, and Adams, who seemingly must always be No. 3 in lists of baritonists, following Gerry Mulligan and Harry Carney, but who apparently is incapable of turning in a lackluster performance, for all that.

Byrd's lyricism is to be heard throughout the album but most especially, and most lovely, on *I'm a Fool*—slow tempo with no double-timing to cover inability to sustain musical ideas; long held notes, straight tone gradually giving way to various vibratos, building a delicious tension that Byrd relieves at the right moment with a slight dip or short downward run; and that poignantly sad feeling that colors most of the trumpeter's work. All this is sympathetically backed by Hancock.

On the faster tunes—*I'm a Fool* is the only ballad—Byrd is consistently inventive; his climbing "entrances" to his four-part *Jorgie's* solo, his pretty blues solo on the 6/4 *6 M's*, and his well-conceived playing on *Requiem* are particularly fetching.

But it was not just Byrd's excellence that made this group what it was.

For one, it was the contrast in the two major soloists, as can be heard on this album, that kept interest from flagging; Adams' serpentine lines can be considered as lyrical as Byrd's, and Byrd's work was as warm as Adams', but Adams' solos are flaming excursions into a sort of acid-dripping, jagged melodicism while Byrd's are more smoldering and round-edged. Adams wrenches his solos out of stone; Byrd molds his out of clay.

Though he does not have as much blowing space as the horn men, Hancock uses well what space he has, seldom depending on the expected, the cliched. He can play blues-drenched (*Hush* and *6 M's*) and then turn around and be impressionistic, tempered with sharp, sometimes jarring lines (*Jorgie's* and *Shangri-La*), or he can trip lightly along (*Requiem*).

Higgins is in fine fettle, driving the soloists, filling in, underlining the ensemble figures, generally having himself a field day but not at the expense of his fellows. Warren turns in a good job, admirably holding all together.

The writing generally is very good (Byrd wrote all the originals except *Requiem*, which Hancock did), but there is some sloppiness in the ensembles. The only track on which the blowing and writing conflict is *Shangri-La*. The anthemlike theme is backed with contrasting figures played by the rhythm section, which comes off quite well. But when the sawtoothed rhythm—if I may so describe it—is carried into the blowing sections, Byrd and Adams seem to be fighting it rather then leaping off from it. Only Hancock is able to use the background well in his solo, and this probably because of the percussive nature of the piano.

But all in all, a fine, well-thought-out album. (D.DeM.)

Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina

KALEIDOSCOPE—Mercury 60743: *Now's the Time; Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise; Fly Me to the Moon; Whisper Not; Stella by Starlight; Polly Wants a Tonic; What's New?; Summertime; Like Someone in Love; Speak Low.*

Personnel: DeFranco, clarinet; Gumina, accordion; John Dolin, bass; William Mendenhall, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

DeFranco and Gumina have developed a distinctive voicing for their quartet, a rather unusual blending of darkness and light—the latter contributed by DeFranco's clarinet while Gumina's accordion sets a warm, cushioning background. Their ensembles are almost invariably tightly woven and harmonically interesting both in extremely fast pieces, such as *Time*, or in the slow deliberation of *Moon* and *New*

DeFranco's solos are models of clean precision and flowing grace. Gumina is not as consistent in his solo work largely because of the accordion's tendency to take on a *Dizzy Fingers* sound when he attempts to develop long lines. However, he also uses a stabbing attack that gives his solos much more effective shape.

The group has developed an individual personality and brings an airy, unpretentious charm to almost everything it plays on this record. (J.S.W.)

Paul Desmond-Gerry Mulligan

TWO OF A MIND—Victor 2624: *All the Things You Are; Stardust; Two of a Mind; Blight of the Fumble Bee; The Way You Look Tonight; Out of Nowhere.*

Personnel: Desmond, alto saxophone; Mulligan, baritone saxophone; Wendell Marshall or Joe Benjamin or John Beal, bass; Connie Kay or Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Both horn men were in good form for this session.

Mulligan apparently has a bottomless bag of melodic ideas and resolves them intelligently, never leaving phrases to hang in mid-air. Rhythmically, his playing is not so interesting. His method of accenting often falls into a predictable pattern, and he sometimes uses corny syncopated figures. Here he is especially lyrical on *Nowhere* and *Stardust*.

Desmond takes a pair of exquisite solos on *Stardust*. He is particularly reminiscent of Lee Konitz in the second. His *Nowhere* spot also deserves special attention, but there are times when his playing is cloying (*Tonight, Fumble Bee*). His technique of repeating or toying with phrases frequently strikes me as precious, and it often interrupts the continuity of his solo.

Every track contains improvised polyphony that generally comes off well.

All the Things features a pleasing arrangement. The A section is simplified and the melody statement split between Desmond and Mulligan in pointillist fashion. Desmond plays the bridge, with Mulligan providing countermelodic statements.

The various rhythm sections play with fine group feeling. Dig the way Benjamin on *Stardust* and Beal on *Fumble Bee* keep things moving. Kay gets a beautiful cymbal sound on the latter track. (H.P.)

Vic Feldman

STOP THE WORLD, I WANT TO GET OFF—World Pacific 1807: *Gonna Build a Mountain; ABC Song; What Kind of Fool Am I?; Lumbered; Typically English; I Wanna Be Rich, Little Boy.*

Personnel: Feldman, piano, vibraharp; Bob Whitlock, bass; Lawrence Marable, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Modern recording techniques give Feldman four hands in this album of jazz readings of songs from the British musical, for on three of the seven selections he is heard on both piano and vibraharp simultaneously. Throughout the album, the pianist plays with a firm muscular vigor and a strong unrelenting rhythmic thrust.

Lumbered, for example, is fiercely up all the way, and on this simple piece he builds to a bursting intensity in a strong, vinegary statement that never once lets up *Little Boy*, on which vibes are added, is much like this in its hurtling drive Yet Feldman is capable of communicating gentle warmth and reflective tenderness equally convincingly, as he demonstrates on the wistful ballad *Fool*.

As a vibraharpist, Feldman plays with a dry, lithe incisiveness in a primarily single-note manner that echoes his piano approach (which is not to say that his vibes style is pianistic; rather, his piano approach tends to be more linear than percussive) Compare, for example, his solos on the two instruments on *Gonna Build*; conceptually, the two approaches are identical, though the vibraharp solo is a bit more ferocious and hard in attack.

Though there is a certain over-all similarity of mood and spirit to the seven selections, they do serve as good vehicles for Feldman's talents as improviser. The songs are a lot simpler than the usual show tunes, a fact that Feldman is able to use to excellent advantage in infusing them with strong jazz feeling.

Marable is a bit obtrusive from time to time (as on *Lumbered*), but generally his

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powerful drumming a la Philly Joe Jones is fully compatible with Feldman's deep-dish, meaty playing.

If the album has a fault, it is that there *is* too much meat on the menu, and insufficient variety. (P.W.)

King Fleming

STAND BY—Argo 4019: *Time Out; On Green Dolphin Street; I Didn't Know What Time It Was; Stand By, Pt. 1; Then I'll Be Tired of You; Junction City Blues; Song of Paradise; Stand By, Pt. 2; Lonely One; Gypsy in My Soul; Between the Toes.*

Personnel: Fleming, piano; Malachi Favors, bass; Royce Rowan, drums; unidentified vibraharp.

Rating: ★ ★

The first side of this album is mostly pleasant background music. Fleming's approach is reminiscent of what Ahmad Jamal's once was, especially on *What Time It Was.*

On the second side Fleming becomes more assertive. *Junction* and *Toes* are examples of fashionable funk. *Stand By, Pt. 2* features African drumming and chanting.

With a program like this, Fleming may be trying to achieve commercial success and may succeed. However, he must develop a more individual approach to be considered a first-rate jazz pianist.

Rowan and Favors performed tastefully, and there is a nice vibes solo on *Time Out.* (H.P.)

Don Friedman

CIRCLE WALTZ—Riverside 431: *Circle Waltz; Sea's Breeze; I Hear a Rhapsody; In Your Own Sweet Way; Loves Parting; So in Love; Modes Pivoting.*

Personnel: Friedman, piano; Chuck Israels, bass; Pete LaRoca, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Friedman is a rare pianist. He thinks before he plays: this set reinforces the impression of him as a composer made by his debut LP, *A Day in the City.* He also thinks while he plays: there are no off-the-finger cliches, and although he can swing hard (as in *Breeze*), his most successfully personal mood is a lyrical one of the kind heard in *Parting*, the most attractive of the four originals in the set, though the title song has its own special charm.

The chief inference to be drawn from the work of young artists like Friedman is one touched on in Joe Goldberg's excellent liner note essay: Friedman's music, representing a reaction against the soul-funk fad and the naked-emotion agitators, reveals him as one of those who "have become involved in matters of subtlety and low dynamics."

LaRoca is consistently helpful, and Israels is another bassist who likes to toy with the guitar register but does so with relatively secure intonation and a consistently intelligent choice of notes.

So valuable are Friedman's sidemen, in fact, that the only unsuccessful track is his unaccompanied *So in Love.* The second chorus, which attempts to get rolling at a very up tempo with virtually no left hand, provides a reminder that there is still no successor to Art Tatum.

This minor reservation aside, the album is in a class with some of the best work of Bill Evans, with whom Friedman can be related in terms of general direction rather than emulation. (L.G.F.)

Dizzy Gillespie

DIZZY ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA—Philips 200-048: *No More Blues; Long, Long Summer; I Waited for You; Desafinado; Here It Is; Pan de Arara; For the Gypsies.*

Personnel: Gillespie, trumpet; Leo Wright, alto saxophone, flute; Lalo Schifrin, piano; Tzigane Elek Bacsik, guitar; Chris White, bass; Rudy Collins, drums; Pepito Riestra, Afro-Cuban percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Caught in the act at the third International Jazz Festival at Juan-les-Pins on the French Riviera, Gillespie and company were in fine fettle.

Much of the credit for this generally fine set goes to French Gypsy guitarist Bacsik (a cousin of the late Django Reinhardt), who contributes a rather remarkable solo to the concluding track. Bacsik's solo is striking evidence that cultures other than North American and Latin American can successfully and excitingly be integrated with jazz. Bacsik brings to his solo in *Gypsies*, a moodily evocative piece introduced by Wright's woody flute and Dizzy's muted trumpet, a genuine presentation of his own musical culture with effective use of an Eastern musical mode, slurring and sinuous and all too brief. On the basis of his work with Gillespie in this LP, Bacsik appears to be one of the most stimulating musicians to come to jazz in years. It would be intriguing to hear him stretch out in a session of his own.

For the rest, the opening *No More Blues* is notable for a blazing Wright alto solo in the rhythmic context of the piece's jazz-samba beat. On the blues *Here It Is* (announced by Gillespie as, "Heah 'tis"), there is an excellent Gillespie muted solo. The whirling rush of the penultimate track, *Pan de Arara*, sets the pace for one of the better tracks, *Desafinado*, which is given a straight melodic rundown by muted trumpet. Finally, there is the loveliness of Gillespie's ballad playing on *I Waited for You*, a simple, direct statement that lingers.

All arrangements are by Schifrin. (J.A.T.)

Benny Golson

POP + JAZZ = SWING—Audio Fidelity 5978: *You're Driving Me Crazy/Moten Swing; Out of Nowhere; Whispering/Groovin' High; Autumn Leaves; Indiana/Donna Lee; Lover, Come Back to Me/Quicksilver; Stella by Starlight; How High the Moon?/Ornithology; If I Should Lose You; St. Louis Blues/Walkin'.*

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, Bill Hardman, trumpets; Curtis Fuller, Grachan Moncur Jr., trombones; Eric Dolphy, alto saxophone; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Bill Evans, piano; Ron Carter or Paul Chambers, bass; Charlie Persip or Jimmy Cobb, drums; string-reed-French horn ensemble, Benny Golson, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Audio Fidelity has an exciting concept in its "Triple Play Stereo" process, but the results here only begin to hint at its potentialities.

Utilizing the extreme separation capabilities of stereo recordings, the process here places a jazz group on one channel and a string-reed-French horn ensemble on the other, both groups simultaneously playing harmonically related songs. While the strings, for example, play a lush version of *Whispering*, the jazz group is charging through Dizzy Gillespie's *Groovin' High*, a bop masterwork built on the harmonic structure of the popular song. By manipulating the stereo amplifier controls, the listener can tune out either channel or combine them so that the strings are

heard as a cushion for the jazz improvisations. Theoretically, at any rate.

In practice, however, the concept works out only moderately well because of what would appear to be built-in limitations. Since the "popular" arrangements must be designed to stand on their own and cannot serve as mere settings for the jazz improvisations, they are of necessity much too busy for the jazz element when the two channels are mixed equally. It is difficult to follow the jazz passages, due to the extreme busyness and independence of the string writing. On the *Ornithology/How High the Moon* pairing, for example, there is just too much happening on the pop channel to enable the listener to follow with any sense of coherence either the Parker theme as stated by the jazz ensemble or Dolphy's skittering alto solo.

One must tune out almost completely the pop channel, reduce it to the merest whisper—thus defeating one of the purposes of the disc—before he can obtain the maximum benefit from the jazz side. And, let's face it, few jazz-oriented listeners are going to derive much pleasure from the pop writing here, which is attractive but of limited interest. The arrangements for both the jazz and popular ensembles were done by Golson. Unfortunately, the task proved a bit too much.

Sad to say, not too much of moment takes place on the jazz channel either. The jazz writing, since it must be integrated into the over-all concept, is spare, for the most part limited to rather simple—if not out-and-out bland—statements of the themes. The horns are never once used behind the soloists, for they would thus intrude on the string writing. What is left, then, are merely strings of solos and little more than that.

And if this weren't enough, even the piano seems to have receded into the background, or its participation kept to a bare minimum; it is difficult to hear it much of the time, so that one is continually straining after it.

There are some good solos, however. Dolphy is impressive on all his solos, playing with his accustomed serpentine, caustic sinuosity, with particularly good improvisations on *Quicksilver*, *Lose You*, and *Ornithology*. Pianist Evans is heard to good advantage on this last one and on *Moten*, where he and bassist Carter engage in a brief exchange that is a special delight. Tenorist Shorter plays with increasing grace and assurance all the time; he has a breathtakingly lovely solo in *Nowhere* that is Getzian in its lyric charm. Hardman has deepened his emotional capabilities, it seems, and has likewise developed a warm, rounded tone.

The rating is for the jazz qualities.

(P.W.)

Johnny Griffin-Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis

TOUGH TENOR FAVORITES—Jazzland 76; *Bahia; Blue Lou; How Am I to Know?; Ow!; I Wished on the Moon; Tin Tin Deo; From This Moment On.*

Personnel: Griffin, Davis, tenor saxophones; Horace Parlan, piano; Buddy Catlett, bass; Ben Riley, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This is a good cooking session. In spite of this and its inherent implication of improvisation and spontaneity, evidences here convince me that practically every

HIRT Big Al wins headlines again! Backed by a 9-piece brass section, 12 Marty Paich New Orleans-styled arrangements swing briskly, fully, gloriously. "Clarinet Marmalade," "Ja-Da," "Oh Dem Golden Slippers"—and note especially the verse to "Ol' Man River," played all in one breath!

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solo, every riff, every line has been done time and time again before coming into the studio. This accounts for the only over-all criticism of the album: there is an air of the routine and sameness about it.

All musicians put forth a real effort to make the date happen, and with the exception of Riley, each man turns in a fine performance. Riley is spotty, and his limitations are much in evidence on *Deo*. Parlan and Catlett are superb in places and consistently good throughout.

There can be no fair comparison between Griffin and Davis. They are so completely different from each other that preferring one to the other must be merely a matter of individual taste. Where Griffin is fast and tricky, Davis is definitive and blunt. Each man handles his horn with facility and authority.

I Wished is a good blowing tune. It is not pushed along by force; rather, it is drawn along with authority.

Blue Lou is the other up tune, which displays the two horn men's ability to fly through the changes. Parlan and Catlett have some fine solo space before the tune skids to a piano-plunk halt.

The saxophonists are at their best blasting away at each other and together. There are only a couple of down or medium tunes here. When they slow down, they often get in each other's way. When they do get together, their dissimilar approaches make for interesting sounds and movement.

Lock and Griff are good ground-rooted jazzmen. This is a fine representation of their night-club performance. (B.G.)

Lionel Hampton

MANY-SPLENDORED VIBES—Epic 16027: *Three Coins in the Fountain; Where Are You?; I Got It Bad; Hi-Fly; Answer Me, My Love; Like Someone in Love; The Song from Moulin Rouge; Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing; Spring Is Here; One-Note Samba; I'll Be Seeing You.*

Personnel: Virgil Jones, trumpet; Teo Macero, tenor saxophone; Roland Hanna, organ; Hanna or Edwin Woldin, piano; Hampton, vibraharp; Bucky Pizzarelli, guitar; Arvell Shaw or Lawrence Burgan, bass; Alfred Dreares or Walter Perkins, drums; Winslowe Barrajanos or Jose Paula and Julio Collazo, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This is some of the finest Hampton I've ever heard. The varied compositions range from popular songs to bossa nova (*One-Note*) to *You Are Cruel*, a poignant Macero composition with an interesting unresolved quality. Hampton excels on all.

He double-times a good deal on some of the tunes, and on *Three Coins* his reference to the original tempo merely serves as a resting place. Hampton displays amazing rhythmic virtuosity on this track; he shifts his pattern of accents continually, yet each phrase dovetails neatly into the next. The end of the track finds him cascading notes over a repeated bass figure.

His *Moulin Rouge*, *Hi-Fly*, and *Many-Splendored Thing* solos are almost as impressive.

Those who think of Hampton as an energetic but one-sided musician should hear him on *Someone*. He plays melodically and romantically. His construction also is extremely sophisticated — he approaches and resolves double-time passages carefully and subtly.

Hampton states melodies well; his vibrato is apparent but never too heavy. *Samba* is characteristically buoyant.

Most of the arrangements are by Ma cero. Though they generally serve to high light Hampton, some also merit attentio in themselves. I'm thinking primarily *Spring*, in which organ, tenor, and mute trumpet appear, reappear, and are voice in various combinations.

Recently Macero has been doing a& work for Columbia, but I hope that h contributions to this LP mean that he also become more active in composing an playing. He is a musician of outstandin ability. In the mid-'50s he was one of th first to synthesize elements of jazz an modern classical music in his writing, an some of his compositions from that tim were beautiful. He also was a brilliar tenor saxophonist with a lovely and pur tone. Perhaps his most striking quality wa his mastery of dynamic and tone colo contrasts. He made effective use of change in volume and register. His solo on *Crue* though brief, indicates that he hasn't be come rusty.

Hanna accompanies well. Note how h sets up the chorus following the theme o *Someone* for Hampton and then anticipate and underlines his climaxes. (H.P.

Herbie Hancock

TAKIN' OFF—Blue Note 4109: *Watermelo Man; Three Bags Full; Empty Pockets; Th Maze; Driftin'; Alone and I.*

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet, fluegel horn; Dexter Gordon, tenor saxophone; Hancock piano; Butch Warren, bass; Billy Higgins, drums

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Hancock's initial album as a leader i slightly disappointing, judging by what I' heard him play at in-person performance with the Donald Byrd-Pepper Adam

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Still, there is much to recommend in this release.

Hancock is a multifaceted player, who performs blues with echoes of the old-time blues men (*Watermelon*) as well as he improvises in a sometimes "new thing" manner (*Maze*). In the collection's ballad, *Alone*, the young pianist displays reflective depth unexpected of a musician of 22. And his tumbling, suspended solo on *Three Bags* is outstanding.

Yet, with all these qualities in effect, there is this twinge of disappointment: Hancock can play better than he does here. Perhaps, since it was a first date, it was felt that things would go smoother if emphasis was on blowing. For although Hancock wrote all the themes, this is primarily a blowing date. (On the other hand, this might be the best answer when men of the improvisatory ability and power of Gordon and Hubbard are the horn men.)

Gordon is an exceptional musician; his sense of time, which sounds lagging but actually is not, is one of the most attractive characteristics of his playing.

He spaces eighth notes in such a way that it appears he is playing slower than the tempo; this sets up a springy tension between him and the rhythm section giving the impression that he's bouncing off his background. This is most noticeab in his excellent *Three Bags* solo. Gordo has another quality that makes him th jazzman he is—every note has meanin and a particular place in the shape of h solo, as can be heard on *Pockets*, blues; there's no lost motion. His work o *Maze* soars, after a slow start and a amusing growl passage, much as Joh Coltrane's does.

Hubbard continues to mature. His pla ing here is generally melodic and though ful, though his *Maze* solo is not as inve tive as his others. His fluegelhorn solo o *Driftin'* is his finest solo of the albu Neither he nor Gordon, however, is ab to do much with Hancock's lovely *Alon* perhaps because it is in A, an unfamilia key for most jazzmen.

Hancock's themes for this date are a varied as his playing. They range from th down home to the impressionistic All ar attractive, particularly in the way he space phrases and uses the rhythm section, ye are little more than trees to hang solo on. In his next record date it is to b hoped that Hancock will be able to de velop his compositions more fully an display his playing to better advantage His talent certainly warrants it. (D.DeM.

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Coleman Hawkins

DESAFINADO—Impulse 28: *Desafinado; I Looking over a Four-Leaf Clover; Samba Par Bean; I Remember You; One-Note Samba; Pato; Um Abraco No Bonfa; Stumpy Bossa Nove*

Personnel: Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Barr Galbraith, Howard Collins, guitars; Major Holley bass; Eddie Locke, drums; Tommy Flanagan Willie Rodriguez, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

There have been some gimmicky bossa nova albums issued recently, but this on features music of high and enduring quality. The rhythm section cooks quietly, and the individual members don't get in each other's way.

The selections include some of the bes bossa nova compositions in *Desafinado Um Abraco*, and *One-Note Samba* as wel as a pretty original *Samba Para Bean*—by Manny Albam, who also furnished ar rangements for the date.

For the most part, Hawkins is in a reflective mood; on *Desafinado* he seems to hold something in reserve even when double-timing. His tone is softer than it generally has been over the last decade When he chooses to play in his less volatile fashion, it focuses attention on his melodic imagination—one of the most fertile possessed by any jazzman. He constructs symmetrical and lucid solos.

On *Stumpy*, which he wrote in the '40s Hawkins opens up a bit; his attack be comes increasingly forceful as the solo progresses.

Galbraith comes as close to singing on guitar as anyone I've ever heard. His solos have the lyrical, unhurried qualities that typify almost everything here. (H.P.)

Johnny Hodges

THE ELEVENTH HOUR—Verve 8492: *Something to Live For; In a Sentimental Mood; I Didn't Know About You; Guitar Amour; You Blew Out the Flame; Theme from "The Eleventh Hour"; Love Song from "Mutiny on the Bounty"; Solitude; Satin Doll; Don't Blame Me; Prelude to a Kiss; Warm Valley.*

Personnel: Hodges, alto saxophone; unidentified orchestra, Oliver Nelson, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Most of the normally stifling dangers

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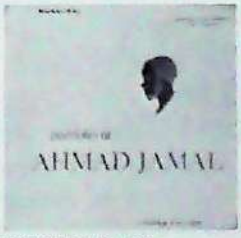

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in the combination of jazz soloist and strings are neatly skirted through most of this set by a juxtaposition of the inherent jazz skill of Hodges and the ingenuity of Nelson as an arranger.

Hodges has, of course, made a career of finding valid means of treating things that, in other hands, would turn glutinous. Almost all the tunes he has chosen here are basically helpful, since most come from the Duke Ellington repertoire (the title tune, taken from a television series, is the only thing in the set that not even Hodges can do anything with).

It is possible that even if he had been given the normal, uninspired string settings that most jazz soloists must contend with, Hodges might have done a respectable job on these tunes. But Nelson, who seems to be constitutionally incapable of settling for the routine in his arrangements, has lightened Hodges' load by injecting some interest in the backgrounds, particularly on Ellington's *Amour*, on which he uses Ray Nance as a violin solo voice. The net result is Hodges with an interesting difference. (J.S.W.)

Roland Kirk

DOMINO—Mercury 60748: *Domino; Meeting on Termini's Corner; Time; Lament; A Strich in Time; 3-in-1 without Oil; Get Out of Town; Rolando; I Believe in You; E. D.*

Personnel: Kirk, tenor saxophone, strich, manzello, flute, nose flute, whistle, vocal; Andrew Hill or Wynton Kelly, piano; Vernon Martin, bass; Henry Duncan or Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Despite the superficial oddities that first brought Kirk to attention—his ability to play two or three instruments at once and the outlandishness of most of the instruments he chooses to play—the more one hears Kirk, the more apparent it becomes that he needs the impetus of such publicity-making devices less than almost any musician who has appeared in jazz in the last 10 or 15 years.

Not only does his virtuosity seem unbounded—he can do practically anything and carry it off with seemingly casual ease—but a lifting, dynamic sense of swing infuses everything he plays whether it is slow, fast, or intermediate.

Add to this a wild imagination that not only leads Kirk to play such things as nose flute, manzello, and strich but also produces such uniquely personal ideas as the weird ending he has concocted for *Domino*, made up of blasts on his homemade whistle, guttural shouts, and general turmoil.

This collection is all Kirk, playing one, two, or three instruments, muttering while he flutes, shifting from roaring swingers to warmly balladic ballads that always have a muscular foundation, and, in general, acting as though he were the source and origin of all jazz.

The music simply pours out of him throughout the disc without ever seeming forced or, even in its most fantastic vagaries, contrived. He is backed by two strong rhythm sections that wisely concentrate on an accompanying role and stay out of his exuberant way. (J.S.W.)

John Lewis-Svend Asmussen

EUROPEAN ENCOUNTER—Atlantic 1392: *If I Were Eve; Winter Tale; Slater's Theme, Valeria; Lonely Woman; Django; New York 19.*

Personnel: Lewis, piano; Asmussen, violin; Jimmy Woode, bass; Sture Kalin, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

For the last 15 years Asmussen has seemed to be dallying with jazz rather than being a part of it.

As a violinist, he has been faced with the inevitable difficulty of finding a place for his instrument in jazz. And as a practical matter, he has had relatively few opportunities to devote himself to jazz if he wanted to make a living. So he has become known, in the United States at least, as an adaptable musician who can play jazz, novelties, or pop with equal aplomb.

In this meeting with Lewis—or "Encounter" as the title so romantically puts it—Asmussen shows a side that has not received much display over here: a richly voiced, legitimate attack that is seasoned with jazz knowledge and that blends aptly with Lewis' piano style. The set is a revealing demonstration of the great melodic creativity in Lewis' composing.

All the pieces except one (Ornette Coleman's *Lonely Woman*) are by Lewis, and they show over and over again his ability to draw something intriguingly different from a base that sounds vaguely familiar. One of the most interesting performances is *Django*, by now practically a warhorse in Lewis' repertoire but played here quite differently from the manner in which one is accustomed to hear it—a swirling, uptempo attack that puts proper emphasis on Django Reinhardt's gypsy ancestry.

(J.S.W.)

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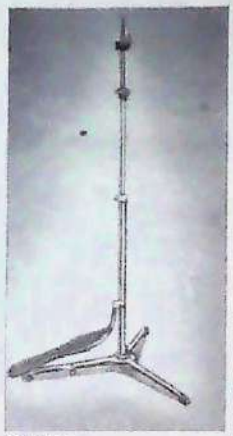

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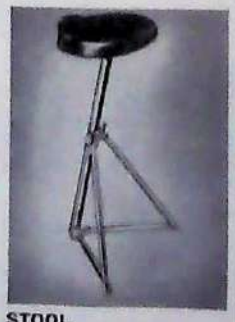

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SOUL SAMBA—Blue Note 4114: *Loie; Llora Tu Despedida; Goin' Home; Me 'n' You; Liebestraum; Shu Shu; Blue Samba; Favela; Linda Flor.*

Personnel: Quebec, tenor saxophone; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Wendell Marshall, bass; Willie Bobo, drums; Garvin Masseaux, chekere.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Ignore the "soul" tag on the album cover; this appealing set is essentially a celebration of Quebec's prowess as a weaver of expansive, languorous ballads. There is little in the way of heavy blowing of the soul variety; rather, Quebec, in his most overt Ben Webster manner, plays with an easy, reflective grace, authority, and a broad, effulgent romanticism that is never cloying but which never lets him stray too far from the melody line.

The music is warm and soothing rather than particularly adventurous, due not so much to any failings on the part of Quebec or guitarist Burrell but to the modesty of the goals they set themselves here. Also, the fact that all nine selections are pretty much of a piece further constricts them but not unduly so.

The supple, insinuating samba rhythm is generally effective under the selections, the only strain occurring on *Blue Samba,* where a 4/4 approach might have meshed much better with the basic blues approach Quebec uses. The most successful of the numbers is *Shu Shu,* which best projects the sinuous, buoyant feel of the bossa nova.

In short, a pleasant, unpretentious set of pretty ballads played with assurance and quiet passion. (P.W.)

Johnny (Hammond) Smith-Willis Jackson

JOHNNY HAMMOND COOKS WITH GATOR TAIL—Prestige 7239: *Good 'Nuff; Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen; Sonia Dreamland; Besame Mucho; Neckbones; Delicious; Y'All.*

Personnel: Smith, organ; Jackson, tenor saxophone; Eddie McFadden, guitar; Leo Stevens, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

This is a rhythm-and-blues album. The only point is: how good an r&b offering is it? The answer is negative. One cannot even quarrel with the mismatching of the two principals. Neither is at his best anyway.

Further detracting from the possibilities of a good session are the tunes. Most of them are Smith originals, which consist primarily of unoriginal little unfinished riffs *(Neckbones),* limiting skeleton frames *(Delicious),* and hazy attempts at tonal variation *(Sonja).*

Of the originals, *Y'All* shows off Jackson to his best advantage. On this tune, Smith also has some characteristic moments. He is not a ponderous organist, and he is swift and brave. He still attempts to be multinoted and original at the same time.

The two remaining sidemen are not of much real help. McFadden shows some promise but sounds scared to death throughout the album. He also has his problems with time and staying near the beat.

The general tone of the album is poor, but *Nobody Knows* is bad even for that level of performance. Not satisfied with hamming up *Besame Mucho,* the duo goes all out for distasteful presentation in attemping to swing the spiritual.

Back to the woodshed for everybody. (B.G.)

Bobby Timmons

SWEET AND SOULFUL SOUNDS—Riverside 422: *The Sweetest Sounds; Turn Left; God Bless the Child; You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To; Another Live One; Alone Together; Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most; Why Was I Born?*

Personnel: Timmons, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Timmons continues to play honest, unaffected, driving jazz in long flowing single-note lines at the upper tempos. In the ballads he displays the same melodic-harmonic feeling apparent in his earlier sets.

The latter propensity is especially notable on the two unaccompanied tracks, *Child* and *Spring.* Aside from a tendency to end his phrases with upward runs that sound like gratuitous flourishes without due process of thought, Timmons shows taste and mood-power on both tracks.

There are only two Timmons originals, *Turn Left* and *Live One;* the latter is virtually an ad lib blues, but *Left* is an agreeable theme with a stop-and-go feeling a la *Moanin.'*

McCurdy sounds a little perfunctory on a couple of opening choruses but otherwise is fine. The indomitable Jones, in addition to swinging throughout, has a couple of fine walking solos. (L.G.F.)

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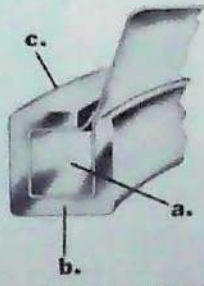

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Frank Wess

SOUTHERN COMFORT—Prestige 7231: *Southern Comfort; Blue Skies; Gin's Beguine; Blues for Butterball; Summer Frost; Dancing in the Dark; Shufflin'.*

Personnel: Albert Aarons, trumpet; Wess, tenor saxophone, flute; Oliver Nelson, tenor saxophone; George Barrow, baritone saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Osie Johnson, drums; Ray Barretto, conga drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

"Keeping the arrangements lean paid off," said arranger Nelson about this date, meaning, of course, that the soloists were not encumbered by extensive writing and could, therefore, relax and play.

Play they do, especially Aarons and Wess, but by copping out on the arrangements, Nelson causes this session to be spun with the same fabric of a thousand previous sessions: a series of solos over a framework of loose, arranged passages, passages that neither serve the soloists nor effect a unity of the parts of a performance.

Trumpeter Aarons, from the Count Basie Band, can play fast passages in the upper register with ease, and he does not exploit this ability at the listener's expense, but uses it with good taste. He's new, and he fluffs occasionally, but he always recovers quickly. He is excellent on *Skies.*

Wess, expectedly, has some very good flute solos. His lovely tone is displayed on *Frost,* and the break and second chorus of *Dancing* show his sense of dramatic phrasing and skillful use of inflection.

Shufflin' is a vehicle for Duvivier's marvelous ability. Flanagan and Oliver solo well in their spots throughout these tracks.

The lack of daring and imagination in the arrangements, and the outright banality of the conceptions of *Comfort* and *Butterball* are disconcerting. But be sure to listen to Aarons and Wess. (G.M.E.)

VOCAL

Dodo Greene

MY HOUR OF NEED—Blue Note 9001: *My Hour of Need; Trouble in Mind; You Are My Sunshine; I'll Never Stop Loving You; I Won't Cry Anymore; Lonesome Road; Let There Be Love; There Must Be a Way; Down by the Riverside; Little Things Mean a Lot.*

Personnel: Ike Quebec, tenor saxophone; Grant Green, guitar; Sir Charles Thompson, organ; Herbie Lewis or Milt Hinton, bass; Billy Higgins or Al Harewood, drums; Miss Greene, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Throw out the organ, the tambourine, and almost all the arrangements, and there is a basis on which to showcase the impressive singing of Miss Greene. That she *is* a fine singer of emotional warmth and rich quality is pressingly evident throughout the album. It is equally clear that the intent is to steer the album into the channels of the rock-and-roll-dominated pop field.

All this is great pity—for Miss Greene. As noted, she is a singer of great authority and appeal. Let it be further noted that she does an excellent vocal job within the context of the shoddy arrangements here. So for her professionalism and quality, the rating is much higher. But it is the album as a whole that must be evaluated, not just one element in it.

It is to be wished that Miss Greene's next album will be quite a different proposition in terms of presentation. She is too good a singer to waste like this. (J.A.T.)

Lightnin' Hopkins

LIGHTNIN' AND CO.—Bluesville 1061: *Sinner's Prayer; Angel Child; The Fox Chase; Got a Look in This Old Building; You Is One Black Rat; My Baby Don't Stand No Cheatin'; Pneumonia Blues; Mojo Hand; Have You Ever Been Mistreated?*

Personnel: Hopkins, guitar, vocals; Buster Pickens, piano; Donald Cooks, bass; Spider Kilpatrick, drums; Billy Bizor, harmonica, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

These performances are offered as representative of Hopkins in his natural habitat—the beer taverns of Houston, where as Mack McCormick notes in his liner essay, people come "to drink and dance and occasionally listen." That is precisely the effect that this set gives—it is basically for dancing and occasionally for listening.

Most of the pieces are played at a rocking, dancing tempo, and Hopkins' lyrics are tossed out for casual listening—often superficial, routine repetitions of standard blues verses. Mixed with this are a couple of novelties featuring Bizor as harmonicist and vocalist—*The Fox Chase* similar to Sonny Terry's standby (with a strange, echoing feedback that sounds as though two tapes had been running through the recorder at the same time but at different speeds) and a copy of another well-worn harmonica novelty, the crying *Mama Blues.*

Hopkins gets away from the good-time atmosphere twice, but his best effort in the set is a piece that presents the epitome of what this collection is about—*Leaky* which is a great swinging dance number with an exuberantly plaintive Hopkins vocal, some fine guitar work, and piano fills that are placed with remarkable astute perception. (J.S.W.)

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Eddie Jefferson

LETTER FROM HOME—Riverside 411: *Letter from Home; Take the A Train; Billie's Bounce; Back in Town; Soft and Furry; A Night in Tunisia; Things Are Getting Better; Keep Walkin'; I Feel So Good; Bless My Soul.*

Personnel: Jefferson, vocals. Tracks 1, 7, 9: Clark Terry, Ernie Royal, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; James Moody, flute, alto saxophone; Johnny Griffin, tenor saxophone; Arthur Clarke, baritone saxophone; Joe Zawinul, piano; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Sam Jones, bass; Osie Johnson, drums. Tracks 2, 4, 6: Joe Newman and Wynton Kelly replace Terry and Zawinul. Other tracks: Griffin, tenor saxophone; Junior Mance, piano; Galbraith, guitar; Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The practice of putting lyrics to improvised solos and singing them has enjoyed great popularity recently. In my opinion, it is nothing more than a clever novelty. However, those who are especially interested in this device would do well to hear this LP because Jefferson was one of the first—if not *the* first—to explore the technique. According to the *Encyclopedia of Jazz*, Jefferson began by making a hobby of it in the early 1940s.

His vocal equipment is not outstanding, but neither is he overly cute, which is more than can be said for some who work in this idiom. His emotional involvement with the music is illustrated on *Bless My Soul* (this version of *Parker's Mood*) and on *I Feel So Good* (evidently taken from a James Moody solo based on *Body and Soul*).

The lyrics are generally silly or meaningless; the main consideration seems to be that they rhyme. Actually, that's not as much of a handicap as it might seem. The complexity of the melodic lines makes it difficult to focus attention on the lyrics for any length of time.

There are several good solos by Griffin, and Ernie Wilkins' arrangements are simple and functional. (H.P.)

Dinah Washington

IN LOVE—Roulette 25180: *Fly Me to the Moon; You're a Sweetheart; Our Love; Love Is the Sweetest Thing; I'll Close My Eyes; Didn't Know About You; If It's the Last Thing I Do; Do Nothin' 'til You Hear from Me; My Devotion; That's My Desire; Was It Like That?; Me and the One That I Love.*

Personnel: unidentified orchestra; Miss Washington, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

I've always thought a great deal of Miss Washington's singing, and my admiration for her has increased since hearing this album. That she can project enormous vitality over a background oozing syrup is nothing short of miraculous.

Her blues and Gospel influences stand her in good stead here. Rather than letting herself be swallowed by the strings, as many vocalists would have done, she belts out the songs powerfully and holds her place in the foreground.

Though not generally thought a ballad singer, she uses an approach that makes some of these cloying melodies sound sweeter than I've ever heard them sound, as on *My Devotion* for example.

Happily, Miss Washington doesn't take herself too seriously. Her *That's My Desire* is particularly good-natured. She can also be tender, of course, and her tenderness is never maudlin.

All things considered, a very good performance. (H.P.)

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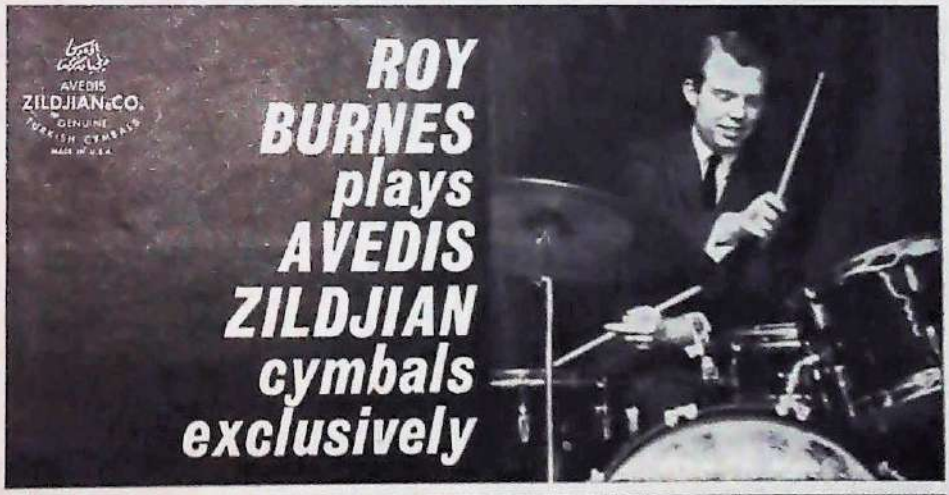

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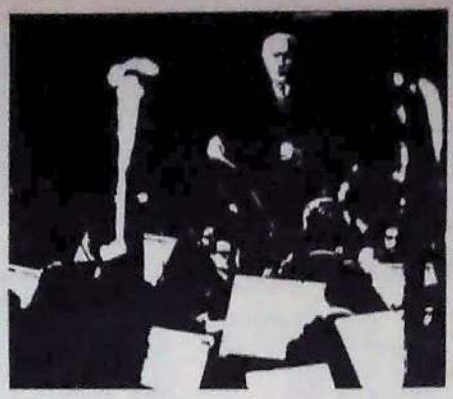

Comments On Classics

By DONAL J. HENAHAN

History never repeats itself, but it stutters noticeably.

Current attempts to bring about a rapprochement between the European classical tradition and Afro-American jazz have novel aspects, it is true, but anyone conversant with much music prior to his own generation's is struck by the continual convergence of popular and nonpopular lines throughout history. When Sebastian Bach took the ancient and once-licentious dance called the sarabande (which was, by his time, as quaint as the Charleston is to our day) and ennobled it in his suites, he was following a well-beaten path. Ravel did something similar on a lower plane of genius with popular Viennese music in *La Valse*.

There has never been any doubt of the viability of such transformations, of course; the only question is whether a composer is able to transfigure the popular material. Anything less is meaningless.

If Schubert had not been a genius, one would still prefer to hear the popular song *The Trout* in simple form, sung by unsophisticated artists. Schubert, however, crystallized the essence of the tune into one of his most touching art songs and also based a movement of his celebrated piano quintet on the same material.

The point is this, merely: until a composer appears who is talented enough to use popular material in such a way as to transform it—to idealize it, if you please—any intelligent listener may be excused if he prefers the original's unpretentious directness.

There is no question but that Stravinsky, in *The History of a Soldier* and the *Wind Octet*, was motivated by jazz to write something of lasting importance. Jazz buffs are often at a loss to hear the correspondences, but, then, the people who danced the early sarabande might have thought you were pulling their leg if you tried to tell them Bach's chaste triple-timing had anything to do with their genial entertainment.

If jazz has not yet inspired its Bach, there nonetheless have been several composers who have struggled honorably to idealize Afro-American materials.

Among them one would have to list Darius Milhaud, whose jazz-inspired *The Creation of the World* has been getting unusual attention from record companies this season. At hand are three new versions: by the Boston Symphony and Charles Munch (RCA Victor LD-2625); by the Orchestre de la Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire under Georges Pretre (Angel S-35932); and by the Utah Symphony Orchestra conducted by Maurice Abravanel (Vanguard VDS-2117/18).

Milhaud composed this work in 1923 after a visit to Harlem. While to U.S. ears it sounds as quaint and dated as a Cotton Club revue, it still exudes enough vitality and verve to amuse us. And as we smile, it is prudent to recall how silly and genteel Bach's chaconne might have struck the Spaniards to whom its basic form was no more than dance music. At least, we must grant that Milhaud manages to stretch his ideas out over more than a quarter-hour of playing time, which is more than many a subsequent worker in this vineyard has done successfully.

In form, *The Creation of the World* is quite classical, resembling a baroque concerto grosso, complete with *ripieno* and *concertino*.

Milhaud wrote for a band of chamber-music proportions: 18 players (all soloists as well as part of the *tutti*), including strings, flute, oboe, clarinet, trumpet, French horn, percussion, and saxophone. This heterogeneous grouping might have been laughed at as a jazz combo a few years ago, but it closely resembles some experimental ensembles of our day.

As in the case of so many innovators, Milhaud's original use of instruments in this work is often difficult to recognize for latter-day listeners. Even in self-consciously academic compositions we are used to hearing quarter-tones, glissandos, Moorish wailing on the clarinet and oboe, "dirty" tones, overblowing of trumpets in screeching registers, and other instrumental effects once exclusively associated with jazz. All are now assimilated into the common language of contemporary music.

Of the three new recorded versions, Munch's is the best performed but the least acceptable, for it is thick in texture and lacking in bite and humor. It seems to employ a much larger band than Milhaud had in mind.

The Utah group plays well and idiomatically, with a foot in both the Gallic and American worlds (as had Milhaud himself), and the Vanguard album is made doubly attractive because three of its four sides are given over to Honegger's *King David*, one of the most powerful 20th century works still unknown to the public.

Pretre's version is on one disc along with Poulenc's *Les Biches* and Henri Dutilleux' *Le Loup*, two diverting but less-significant French excursions into ragtime.

In the end, *The Creation of the World* remains a partly inflated trial balloon despite its buoyant touches. For us it still seems to approximate too closely jazz, or blues, or ragtime, without taking the ultimate, vaulting step that separates Bach's chaconne from the Spanish peasant's. It does not satisfy our Dionysian demands for earthy excitement, nor yet manage to raise the finer elements in jazz to Apollonian regions. But instructive and worth hearing now and then? Assuredly, yes.

BL NDFOLD TEST

"Music can definitely move me, it makes my pulse faster, it makes me a little warmer."

GERALD WILSON

WOODY WOODWARD/PACIFIC JAZZ RECORDS

By LEONARD FEATHER

To those who have followed Gerald Wilson's career for any time, his recent success as a big-band recording artist has overtones of irony.

The LP *You Better Believe It!*, co-featuring his band with the organ of Richard Holmes on World Pacific, arrived on the scene 17 years after I first heard Wilson fronting a big band at Shepp's Playhouse in Los Angeles. It was a powerhouse group that included Melba Liston, Buddy Collette, and many of the youthful heavyweights of the day.

Wilson has had big-band fever since; now he hopes to keep a group organized for more than just an occasional club date or record session.

A versatile composer-arranger, he has written and conducted big-band dates for singers (Nancy Wilson, Al Hibbler, Barbara Dane) and often has contributed to the Duke Ellington book (*El Gato, Smile*, the most recent arrangement of *Perdido*). He's also a greatly underrated modern trumpeter.

The big-band selections on his first *Blindfold Test* included a re-creation of the Jimmie Lunceford Band, of which he was a 1939-42 member. He was given no information about the records.

THE RECORDS

1. Stan Getz. *Manha de Carnival* (from *Big Band Bossa Nova*, Verve). Getz, tenor saxophone; Jim Hall, guitar; Gary McFarland, conductor, arranger.

I take it that was a big band doing the bossa nova. The tenor sax soloist was either Stan Getz or maybe Zoot Sims. Also, if it was Stan, that would have been Gary McFarland conducting.

The arrangement was very tasty; it seems to fit the bossa nova and never seems to really get out of hand . . . but it never gets into anything exciting. You have to use your mind if it's going to get exciting, but this seems to be very mild.

The band played very well. The guitar player, if it was Stan, could have been maybe Charlie Byrd—I thought he played very well.

I haven't heard any bossa nova yet that actually moved me. Music can definitely move me, it makes my pulse faster, it makes me a little warmer; it either does that or it doesn't. An arrangement doesn't have to be loud to be exciting in some way—even in a ballad you can be a little bit excited or moved.

But I think this is good. I'd say three stars.

2. Count Basie. *Sloo Foot* (from *Basie Plays Hefti*, Roulette). Neal Hefti, arranger; Joe Newman, trumpet; Basie, piano.

The Basie band is definitely identifiable, at all times, even though sometimes they're not under his leadership. This time, however, they never seemed to come up to the same point as when they're playing with him.

The trumpet player could have been Joe Newman. Of course, we know he's playing the cliches of Harry Edison. . . . I thought it was well played. They're definitely in a class by themselves, and, of course, I think it's a class into another era. I don't consider them any more as being in the modern era of jazz. Big-band jazz. But they play what they play with perfection. The arrangement could have even been Benny Carter's.

For the performance, three stars.

3. Billy May. *Uptown Blues* (from *Jimmie Lunceford in Hi Fi*, Capitol). Willie Smith, alto saxophone; Pete Candoli, trumpet; May, arranger.

It's easy for me to identify that number, of course. You know, Leonard, the funny part is that I don't even hit a note on that number! Paul Webster, or myself, we don't even hit a note. And I'll tell you what it is: you see, that number has no music—we used to play it coming off the stage at the Paramount Theater in New York, as the stage would be descending into the basement. It was just a little thing to keep the music going.

So the trombones started doing this little thing, the three of them. Then Carruthers would start in with the baritone or whatever he was going to play; then the trombones just got some notes; there were no solos in it then. But one day we were in the studio in New York, and they decided to put a trumpet solo in, and the saxophones immediately put this little background, and Snooky plays a solo, and then Willie, and there's no trumpets playing, ever.

I'm sure this was the Billy May version. I've been asked many times what I thought of the album. . . . Of course, being with Lunceford, you would never get it to sound like we played it, but for a reproduction—and, of course, they had some of the original men, which helped—it was a job well done by Billy May.

The Lunceford band—the way they phrased things—it was uncanny. You had to be there long enough to know how to phrase it, and I was lucky because it was my favorite band at one time. I'd say three stars.

The trumpet? I'd say that was Pete Candoli, and, of course, the alto was Willie.

4. Miles Davis. *Spring Is Here* (from *Miles Davis at Carnegie Hall*, Columbia). Davis, trumpet; Gil Evans, arranger, conductor.

Of course, that's Miles. At Carnegie Hall. *Spring Is Here*, Gil Evans conducting. Gil has his own style, his own identifying things. In this case, the orchestra was a little out of tune. Of course, Miles played beautiful on it.

I want you to know how I feel about this man: this man, to my mind, is one of the most phenomenal jazz trumpet players that I've ever heard in my life. I was lucky enough to hear him in person in New York, at the Vanguard, and I was lucky enough to hear him on a night when everything must have been right with him. Being a trumpet player—well, attempting to be a trumpet player—I particularly noticed so many things: his attack, his warmth, his viciousness, even, when he wants to. He has developed his lip now to a certain point where he can do tremendous things—I heard him make G's in there, with no effort, and beautiful notes. He was so flexible with it.

As I say, I'm particularly partial to Miles. I love his music, I love his mind. It's definitely a mind of today, and still with technical knowledge too. It's not just a complete soul thing.

For the performance, for the orchestra I'll have to be a little lax—I'm not putting the musicians down, I know they were under terrific pressure, and it's hard music, it's not the easiest in the world—but for Miles, he's always great. For the orchestra three stars, for Miles five, that would balance out at four stars, but even then, it's way above average.

5. Duke Ellington. *U.M.M.G.* (from *Ellington Jazz Party in Stereo*, Columbia). Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Harry Carney, baritone saxophone; Ellington, piano; Billy Strayhorn, composer.

Well . . . the Diz, and I heard the Duke there . . . Carney too. It must have been an in-person thing. Guest appearance of Diz with the Duke.

With them both leaders, they came up with a beautiful piece of work, wonderful orchestration, and continuous moving ahead. Looking for something new, something to intrigue the air. To this record I can give the high score, because it's definitely not ordinary. And the performance by the musicians, too, right up to par. Five stars.

6. Junior Mance. *Goodbye Again* (from *The Soul of Hollywood*, Jazzland). Junior Mance, piano; Brahms, composer; Melba Liston, arranger.

That was Brahms, and I think the pianist was Junior Mance, and the arranger on there I think was Melba Liston. It was very well done. I used to play this particular composition on piano myself.

It was a job well done. For performance, you have to have knowledge to delve into the classics. The old masters were very deep. Being in jazz, I think you have to depend on the classics a lot to progress.

I'd say that's a four-star record. db

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

BOSSA NOVA REVISITED

Village Gate, New York City

Hard on the heels of a Carnegie Hall concert that received uniformly bad reviews (*DB*, Jan. 3), the Brazilian government, through its New York consul general, Senora Dora Vasconcellos, asked Art D'Lugoff, owner of New York City's Village Gate, to present bossa nova musicians in his club in a manner more calculated to win and influence than had the Carnegie concert, where atmosphere was destroyed by a supermarket presentation.

At the Village Gate, in two concerts emceed by Herbie Mann, one of the original exponents of b.n. in this country, some of the best Brazilians obviously found both the place and the audience much to their liking, played and sang with charm and verve, moving the audience to heavy applause.

Let it be said immediately that two hours of even a quiet insistence is too much. My original criticism—"so many of the songs sounded like verses to songs Fred Astaire would have sung in movies with Ginger Rogers" (*DB*, Jan. 3)—still seems accurate. A reason for that is that some of the songs are clearly derivative: *One-Note Samba* leans heavily on the verse of *Night and Day; Indian Dance* follows a line held by Artie Shaw's *Nightmare*. There are other strong resemblances.

But let it also be said that a quiet but warm communication is always evident, and the relationship to jazz is strong and pleasant. I trust that those who performed this evening were among the best. They sounded it.

The Sergio Mendez Quintet began and ended each of the two concerts. Pianist Mendez is strongly reminiscent of Horace Silver, physically and in posture. His music is more subtle, but no less swinging. The individual star of the group is the trumpeter, who plays a Brazilian version of the late Clifford Brown. Mann was even more of a star; several of his choruses with the group were classics of their kind.

Antonio Carlos Jobim, singer-pianist-composer, appeared with this group, performing his *One-Note Samba*. Again, as in the Carnegie concert, the listener could feel that more than was heard was available here. But Jobim evidently feels that one song is enough to assure the audience wanting more.

Luis Bonfa, writer of many b.n. songs and collaborater with Jobim on the score for the movie *Black Orpheus*, sang well, but registered most strongly as a guitarist using several percussive effects.

Joao Gilberto, introduced as the "papa" of the music, and who reminds me at least of a Brazilian Hoagy Carmichael, played *Desafinado* with the correct changes and surprisingly different from the way we are used to hearing it.

Composers-singers Sergio Ricardo, Roberto Menescal, and Carlos Lyra, ran through a variety of songs, accompanying each other on guitar and vocally. Ricar seemed like an Yves Montand. Unfor nately, one song had some quiet sing behind him that produced a curious eff as if the Sons of the Pioneers had sor how sneaked into the room. But he a Lyra are obviously talented, ingratiat performers, and the latter, in particu could easily become a big (and goo entertainer in this country without difficulty.

The program ended with Mendez. group's swing was more loose this ti Again Mann joined in for exciting resu It was familiar jazz, supported by Brazilian beat. Without the charm of singing, but with the force of good excellent soloists, it accurately summed the essence of the music. There was gr and swing and novelty. There were so ensemble passages that came dangerou close to hotel-band style and sound. Th was, too, a dangerously repetitive feeli

But there could no longer be doubt t we had heard a representative collect of the music at its best. Everyone deser to be sincerely congratulated. —C

ERIC DOLPHY-REE DRAGONETTE

Town Hall, New York City

Personnel: Dolphy, alto saxophone, flute, c inet, bass clarinet; Edward Armour, fluegelh Herbie Hancock, piano; Richard Davis, bass; J Moses, drums.

Poetess Ree Dragonette and the E Dolphy Quintet performed singly and tandem in what I think was the first l league combination of the two art fo that has had moments of true brillian

Dolphy is somewhat well known in th pages. He has sometimes been accused being antijazz; and given some chan he does show the signs of what has b outlined as his crime. However, here, gi the chance of matching compositions poetry, he wrote in a way that for times must prove his real ability.

Miss Dragonette is from Philadelp She is what is known as a metaphys poet. It is high praise in itself wher comes off. Her poetry most often d although, God — and the metaphysici would allow us that—God, help us, I t that no one can hear poetry once be sure of its worth.

The two performers seem not a alike on the surface.

Miss Dragonette was immediately pressed, she said before the concert, cause Dolphy's approach "is original, p haps radical, but it is so structured, it goes back into so much jazz that w before. I feel that we are much alike, his response to my work has been gre and better than I would normally from some other poet."

"In any case," she added, "there very few metaphysical poets around. E is working in a new field, and so am We're breaking ground. Here we will it together."

Dolphy used fewer words after concert. His concern, he said, was to f music that would fit meaning, and to that he spent hours reading the poe and then asking specifically about wo and phrases.

"It was," he reflected, "the first tim had ever done that kind of thing. W

HERB SNITZER

DOLPHY
Jazz and poetry: physical and metaphysical

was most important to me was what she meant by each of the words. It was tough, but it was a wonderful experience, and I must say that it never would have come off unless all the musicians played marvelously."

And that may very well be the most accurate critical notice about the evening. My impressions of the poetry—and most of them were positive—have little claim for this space. But the music, especially when it accompanied the poetry, was exceptional, and the musicianship was always so.

If there is complaint, it is that in the free-blowing, early part of the program, Dolphy was not as organized as later.

The rhythm section was astounding as well as astute throughout. Hancock was an immensely cohesive factor at all times.

Armour began with a flurry but then seemed all bravura and nothing else, and Dolphy seemed intent at first on playing every note of the scale; but now, in retrospect, it was not like that. There was a whole concept involved, mostly revolving around the different ways that Dolphy's reeds could match with Davis' arco bass. Hancock really was supposed to be the anchor man in the middle of musical storms. Armour has a sound and mood that is a good and original reminder of the late Booker Little.

All of this latter feeling was most evident when Dolphy played bass clarinet but most especially when the normal jazz scene—with its many mostly nonsplendored choruses—was avoided and Dolphy wrote to fit poetic words and time.

Then the playing was nearly always unique; the compositions were tight. Of them all, a particular favorite could have been a musical echo to a poem read first by Miss Dragonette and dedicated to Thelonious Monk. In a sense, the poem had seemed to represent Monk as being through the ages, running through the pages of the Old Testament. So did the music. The bass clarinet-bowed bass portions were strong, fresh, angular — everything that might fit the portrait. It was an unusual success. So, I believe, was that whole part of the concert. —*Coss.*

Complete Details

Down Beat's Sixth Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship Program

Down Beat has established two full year's scholarships and ten partial scholarships to the famous Berklee School of Music in Boston, the present home of *Down Beat's* Hall of Fame and one of the nation's most prominent schools in the use and teaching of contemporary American music.

The Hall of Fame scholarship is offered to further American music among young musicians and to perpetuate the meaning of the jazz Hall of Fame.

This year's full scholarships, valued at $950 each, will be in honor of Miles Davis, chosen by *Down Beat* readers as the 1962 Hall of Fame member. The scholarship shall be awarded to an instrumentalist, arranger, or composer to be selected by a board of judges appointed by *Down Beat*.

The ten additional scholarships will consist of four $500 and six $250 grants.

Who is Eligible?

Junior division: ($3450 . . . one full scholarship of $950; two partial scholarships of $500 each; six partial scholarships of $250 each.)

Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have graduated from high school and who has not reached his (or her) 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1963.

Senior division: ($1950 . . . one full scholarship of $950; two partial scholarships of $500 each.)

Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have had his (or her) 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1963.

Anyone in the world fulfilling the above requirements is eligible.

Dates of Competition:

Official applications must be postmarked not later than midnight, March 31, 1963. The scholarship winners will be announced in a June, 1963 issue of *Down Beat*.

How Judged:

All decisions and final judging shall be made solely on the basis of musical ability. The judges, whose decisions will be final, will be the editors of *Down Beat* and the staff of the Berklee School of Music.

Terms of Scholarships:

The Hall of Fame scholarship as offered is a full tuition grant for one school year (two semesters) in the value of $950. Upon completion of a school year, the student may apply for an additional tuition scholarship grant.

The partial scholarships which are applied to tuition costs for one school year are in the value of: four at $500, and six at $250. Students winning these awards also have the option of applying for additional tuition scholarship funds at the end of the school year.

The winners of the scholarships must choose one of two possible starting dates: September, 1963; January, 1964; or forfeit the scholarship.

How to Apply:

Fill out the coupon below, or a reasonable facsimile, and mail to Hall of Fame Scholarship, *Down Beat*, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill., to receive the official application form.

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WHERE TO STUDY

DRUMMERS—Stanley Spector writes:
The following is a true story. Names of people and places have been withheld to protect the innocent and the unprejudiced. In a large northeast city there is a jazz club which generally hires negro musicians and is patronized by a negro audience. Recently a house rhythm section was engaged to back up visiting negro jazz soloists. The drummer hired for the gig happens to be white, and was prefered over all other "natural" jazz drummers—white or negro in this particular community. We wonder if his four years in the study of Method Jazz Drumming has anything to do with his selection in rather unusual circumstances? He had prepared himself as a jazz drummer through his studies with
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NEW ORLE

from page 18

when Dixieland Hall was opened by art dealer Al Clark on Bourbon St., in obvious imitation of Preservation, Jaffe invoked the principle of co-operative competition and helped Clark organize a schedule of bands for the hall. He also co-operated with Ken Mills in initiating Perseverance Hall on St. Louis St. last June when Mills returned temporarily to make more recordings. He even has made money available for informal loans to the hall's musicians, setting aside funds from his agent's fees and collecting on debts with no interest as musicians play in the hall.

However, it would be a mistake to view the current revival as a purist's paradise in which an idyllic past has been recaptured.

There is the palpable fact that many of the hall's musicians were not, and are not, important jazzmen. *Down Beat* reviewer Gilbert Erskine has pointed out the fallacy of the widespread romantic notion that any New Orleans musician owning a horn and playing street parades in the early 1900s must necessarily have been an important link in the chain of jazz history. Many of the reactivated musicians demonstrate a closer affinity to prejazz forms, utilizing polka and march phrasing, than to the more subtle inflections introduced by Louis Armstrong.

Morever, even the best jazzmen show the effects of the failing lip, the waning facility, and the shortened breath. It is a tribute to the strength of their conception that their art has a high degree of realization even though their technical problems are often severe. On a good night at the hall—and there are many—a group will communicate the essential jazz spirit despite the individual technical weaknesses of its members, indicating that the whole is indeed greater than the sum of its parts.

And, of course, there are still the practical problems involved in keeping Preservation Hall operating without reverting to a more commercial presentation or conventional night-club format. With manager Jaffe and his wife living on past savings, and the intake of the hall still hinging largely on the problematical generosity of its customers, the hall's problems of sustenance are far from resolved.

Finally, there is the one insoluble problem that underlines both the significance and the sadness of the current revival: the generation of musicians who saw the evolution of jazz in its earliest years is slowly passing away. For two musicians—clarinetist Steve Angrum and drummer Chinee Foster—the revival at Preservation Hall was the last New Orleans revival. db

ORNETTE

from page 22

melodic quality in his playing was noted.

In July, 1962, Woods resigned his job at Juvenile Hall. "I had three choices," he said. "One was music—and that's everything to me. The second was my schooling. I only had two years of college. Third was the Juvenile Hall job. I decided to go back to school because I want to learn about myself."

After having majored in music for two years at Los Angeles City College, Woods had received an Associate in Arts degree in 1961. When he returned to school, it was in Los Angeles State College and a major in sociology.

"I want music and sociology meshed," he explained. "I want them to be one. I feel the only way I can communicate to people is by understanding the movements of people and by knowing how they will move some years from now. The sociology is really to develop my music. It's to show people how my music is going. But as I get older and become more adept on my instrument, I want to *point* the way."

In a nonsectarian way, Woods can be considered a man of religious feeling.

"Once an artist stops believing in the sacred aspects of music," he said, "he's not being true to himself. But to me, religion and sacredness are two entirely different things. But yet [he laughed with disarming helplessness] for me they're both together."

The sum of his feeling about himself and his music is this: "We must understand ourselves. This is the only way we can grow. My feelings are for jazz because of the multiplicity of emotions that can be expressed."

Woods reports that of late he has been playing "a lot of rhythm-and-blues jobs—and one gypsy wedding. That one was a ball! I looked down from the stand at all the people and I felt this is a fertile valley."

But in connection with his recent work in rhythm and blues, he asked, "Why not exploit and take advantage of the animal drive that's in all of us?"

As illustration, he talked about the dance job he is currently working. "I want people," he said, "to get some fulfillment from what I do." Consequently, he repeatedly builds to jazz expression in his horn work for the dancers.

Last September Woods had a date at Contemporary records for a second album. But according to the firm's president, Lester Koenig, "He told me he wasn't ready yet. He said he wanted to wait a while."

"I don't want to do an album just to do an album," Woods declared. "Sure, the money helps. But hell!—that's me in there. That's a part of *me*. When I do it, I really want to have something to say." db

GOVERNMENT *from page 17*

Paul Winter Sextet overcame this by learning Spanish before their Latin American tour. They also learned enough Portuguese to communicate with non-Spanish speaking peoples.

And any publicity that derives from the tour must come at the instigation of the performers.

In a recent *New Yorker*, June Havoc, who had been on a cultural presentations tour, was quoted as saying, "They [the State Department] send people like Helen Hayes and myself to foreign cities, and then they forget about us. They tell . . . the taxpayers nothing about what we're doing. I came back after a year, and hardly anybody knew where I'd been. . . . That's because the government doesn't believe in publicity."

Miss Havoc, and probably many others, evidently did not know that the State Department and other government agencies are forbidden by law to publicize themselves.

Dave Brubeck said he felt there was room for improvement in the way jazzmen are handled. "They overworked us," he said referring to his 1958 tour. "Each place we played was so starved to get a group that they used us night and day and then shipped us off to the next place. And though all this was needed, there should be easier tours set.

"And guys should be better prepared for what they're in for, briefed on what to wear (we left one place dressed in heavy clothing and when the plane landed at our next stop, it was a 100 degrees outside), what to avoid in eating and drinking. We were actually hungry at times."

Brubeck added that the people at the diplomatic and U.S. Information Service (the overseas arm of USIA) posts were the most dedicated people he had met.

One of his strongest recommendations was that the State Department take better physical care, as far as health and hygiene is concerned, of the musicians making a tour. Dysentery, for example, is a problem.

"Maybe they could arrange for the guys to eat at the homes of people at the posts," he said. "Whatever they do, they should figure some way to avoid dysentery."

But Brubeck, despite his concern about the physical well-being of touring jazzmen, perhaps summed up best the attitude of most of those who have been on State Department tours:

"I would go again and probably will go. But the next time I'll be older and wiser and help them plan the tour so that all benefit more from it."

(To be continued in the next issue)

AD LIB *from page 10*

quartet and forming an East Coast version of his big band . . . Tenorist **Johnny Griffin** played the Blue Note in Paris during December and then left for engagements in Stockholm . . . **Cecil Taylor** has returned from an extensive tour of Europe . . . **Ran Blake,** pianist, and **Jeanne Lee,** vocalist, will make one of their infrequent New York appearances at an International House concert on Jan. 6.

REAL ESTATE ITEM: **Artie Shaw** sold his Spanish home in Gerona, Spain, on the Costa Brava. The original asking price was $86,000. The only reason we know about it is because a real estate man sent us a sales piece on the property, maybe because he thought the bossa nova was Spanish or because he thought the Costa was bravura.

The third concert presented by the Dixieland Society of Southern Connecticut featured **Tony Parenti** and his **Deans of Dixieland.** With clarinetist Parenti were **Chuck Forsyth,** trumpet; **Al Philburn,** trombone; **Sammy Price,** piano; **Hap Gormley,** drums.

For 12 years the Turnpike, on Route 1 in West Peabody, Mass., has operated as a relaxed night club eight months of the year, closing for the other four, perhaps to seek its own relaxation. Now owner **Len Sogoloff** has decided to give

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up all that relaxing kid stuff and get with 12 months of jazz. So far, the musicians playing the club have been ones who have settled in Boston: sidemen from the **Herb Pomeroy** Band, pianist **Sir Charles Thompson,** drummer **Alan Dawson,** and the **Joe Bucci** Duo (organist Bucci and drummer **Joe Riddick**). But with a current change in name, to Lennie's on the Turnpike, the club will soon begin to feature occasional name artists.

CHICAGO

Sonny Rollins canceled his two-weeker at McKie's at the last moment. According to a telegram sent the club's owner, Rollins' doctor ordered him not to play until February because of jaw trouble the tenorist has suffered from during recent months. Organist **Sam Lazar's** trio subbed . . . **Phineas Newborn Jr.** was at the Sutherland for two weeks recently. Sounding better than he did when he was popular a few years ago, the pianist had bassist **Bill Yancey** and drummer **Vernel Fournier** supporting him. Fournier was on leave from the **George Shearing** Quintet while Shearing was being trained in the use of a seeing-eye dog at a school near San Francisco.

Heavyweight champion **Sonny Liston** bought **Ahmad Jamal's** luxurious house here last month. Liston, a jazz fan, is a frequent visitor to south-side jazz clubs . . . Bossa nova is being played more frequently in Chicago than in the past. The introduction of a bossa nova dance at several clubs has helped business . . . **Maynard Ferguson's** big band played a two-nighter at Club Laurel . . . **Ray McKinley's Glenn Miller** Band brought in the New Year at the Standard Club, a private institution that also enjoyed its annual jazz concert late in December . . . **Blind Orange Adams,** the legendary blues singer, is reported about to sign with Delmar records. If he signs, Adams will join other legends like **Sleepy John Estes** and **Big Joe Williams** who have recorded for the label. The Estes LP has just been released.

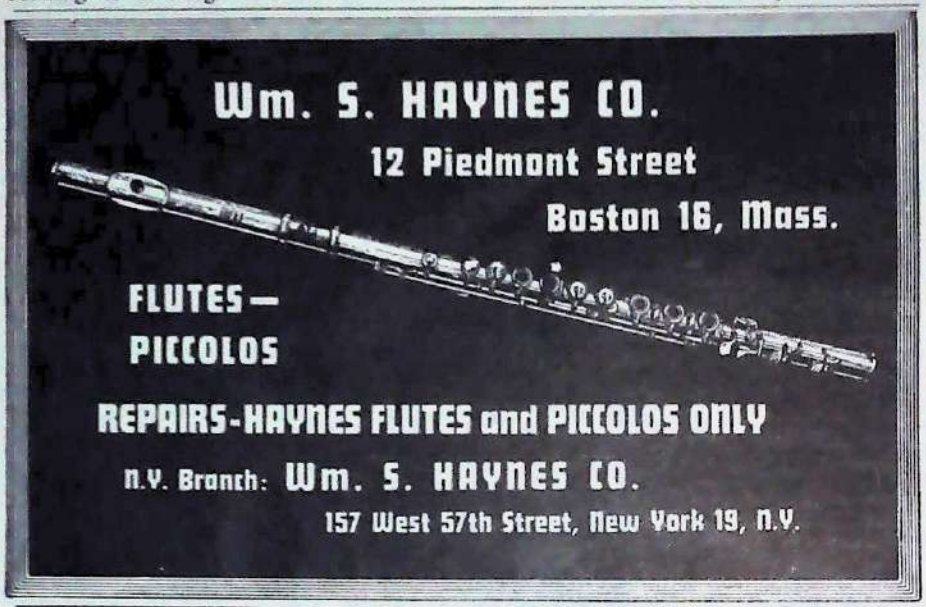
Tenor saxophonist **Phil Urso** suffered an accident in nearby Waukegan recently, breaking his arm above the wrist and putting him out of action. He has been working with **Claude Thornhill** . . . The **Staple Singers,** Chicago Gospel group, enlivened the holiday scene in the Windy City with a telecast of Christmas spirituals on WTTW. **Roebuck Staples** served as narrator for the program as well as music director.

LOS ANGELES

Billing for the **Les Brown** Band now led by saxophonist **Butch Stone** (*DB*, Dec. 6) is "Butch Stone with the Band of Renown" for road trips. Brown will appear with the band in California, on television, records, and in pictures (current movie: **Jerry Lewis'** *The Nutty Professor*) and remains the owner of the organization. **Don Kramer** continues as band manager.

Curtis Amy added guitarist **Ray Crawford** to his group at Mr. Adams', Crawford's plans for his own combo apparently having fallen through for the time being . . . Arranger **Clare Fischer** is juggling assignments. He's writing a bossa nova album for **George Shearing** (which includes a **Ralph Pena** original, *Algo Nova*) utilizing five woodwinds and rhythm section; he is anticipating scoring and playing for a **Donald Byrd** LP in New York early in the year at the trumpeter's request; he has been asked by **Stan Getz** to write an original composition for the tenorist. Now pianist with the **Cal Tjader** Quintet, Fischer will remain in New York with the group until April . . . Drummer **Bruz Freeman** and bassist **Leroy Vinnegar** are co-leading a quintet including **Joe Maini,** tenor and alto saxophones; **Freddy Hill,** trumpet; **Lou Levy,** piano.

Pete Jolly took leave of Sherry's for a while after a prolonged run there. Now working with bassist **Chuck Berghofer,** the pianist will record for **Fred Astaire's** Ava records (named for the dancer's daughter and formerly labeled Choreo). Jolly shared billing with altoist



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Bud Shank's new group at Los Angeles State College concert in January. And he, too, has written a bossa nova, *Little Bird*, with a lyric by **Tommy Wolf;** it's already been recorded with **Howard Roberts** on guitar and **Kenny Hume** on drums . . . Just to prove the bossa nova bug is highly contagious, guitarist Roberts has composed a b.n. suite, *Mardi Gras*, which he recorded for his own production company.

Claude Gordon took his big band into Reno's Holiday Hotel for a week over New Year's . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** and diva **Joan Sutherland** will be guests on **Dinah Shore's** television show St. Patrick's Day (that's March 17, begor) . . . **Nancy Wilson,** who rose phenomenally in the *DB* Readers Poll from 13th to second place this year, will be back for a repeat stand at the Crescendo for 18 days beginning March 13 . . . Pianist **Gene Russell,** with **Henry Franklin** on bass, and **Bruz Freeman** on drums, blazed a trail for live jazz into NK Club (no, the initials do *not* stand for Nikita Khrushchev). They hold the fort there Thursdays through Sundays . . . Former bandleader **Rey DeMichel** is scoring four motion pictures for the independent Concept Productions; two of them are westerns.

RECORD NOTES: Dot records took over distribution of Pacific Jazz, World Pacific, and Horizon labels in Dallas and Houston, Texas; New Orleans, La.; Atlanta, Ga.; Nashville and Memphis, Tenn.; Kansas City and St. Louis, Mo.; and Pittsburgh, Pa. Dot set up its own distribution organization three years ago . . . Baritonist **Jack Nimitz** is set to record an album arranged by **Allyn Ferguson** with instrumentation consisting of four cellos, two violas, vibraharp, xylophone, trombone, bass, and drums, for the Ava label . . . **Dick Bock** of Pacific Jazz recorded trumpeter **Dupree Bolton,** newly back in town, and will record him again in the future . . . For the same label, pianist **Frank Strazzeri** cut an album with his new group consisting of **Mouse Bonati,** alto saxophone; **Carmell Jones,** trumpet; **Red Mitchell,** bass; **Nick Martinis,** drums. **Bonati,** a newcomer to the coast, hails from Buffalo, N. Y., but had been working in New Orleans for several years.

Singer **Keely Smith** is the latest performer to form a record company. The new firm is titled Keely records, which surprises nobody.

SAN FRANCISCO

Babs Gonzales came into Sugar Hill as an added attraction on a Monday and departed three days later after a hassel with clubowner **Norma Aston** and employes. Remaining and working opposite the **Mose Allison** Trio was the combo Gonzales brought with him from Los Angeles: pianist **John Huston,** bassist **John Green,** and drummer **Milt Turner.**

Mrs. Larry Emery is the new president of the League of Musicians Wives here. Like her predecessor, **Mrs. Benny Barth,** her husband's a drummer. Other 1963 officers are **Petria Price,** vice president; **Dolores Peterson,** secretary; **Anne Stowell,** treasurer, and **Lil Travis,** director at large. The league chapter gave a Christmas party at union headquarters for musicians' children and a concert-dance at a recreation center for crippled and retarded children.

Jerry Coker, onetime **Woody Herman** tenorist, made his bow as director of Monterey Peninsula College Laboratory Jazz Band (*DB*, Oct. 11) with a Sunday night concert that attracted a capacity crowd to the college music hall and won high praise from listeners. The program included numbers written by **Quincy Jones, Thelonious Monk, Duke Jordan, Al Cobine, Roger Pemberton, George Russell, Dave Baker,** and Coker, as well as a vocal set by the director's wife, **Patricia.**

The University of California staged a winter folk music festival at Berkeley that included **Bessie Jones** and the **Georgia Sea Island Singers, Jean Ritchie, Charles Seeger, Sam Hinton,** and the **Greenbriar Boys.**

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WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing by urban area of jazz performers, where and when they are appearing. Th listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to *Down Beat*, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago Ill., six weeks prior to cover date.

LEGEND: *hb*—house band; *tfn*—till further notice; *unk*—unknown at press time; wknds—weekend

NEW YORK

Basin Street East: **Count Basie, Joe Williams, Nipsey Russell,** to 1/20.
Birdland: *unk.*
Branker's: **Grant Green,** *tfn.*
Cafe Avital: **Archie Shepp-Bill Dixon,** Thurs.-Sun.
Central Plaza: sessions, Fri.-Sat.
Classic Lounge (Brooklyn): sessions, Tues.
Club Cinderella: **Ephraim Resnick,** Sun.
Condon's: **Tony Parenti,** *tfn.*
Embers: **Ahmad Jamal** to 1/5.
Gaslight (L. I.): jazz, wknds.
Half Note: **Zoot Sims-Al Cohn** to 1/16.
International House: **Ran Blake-Jeanne Lee,** 1/6.
Junior's: jazz, wknds.
Kenny's Steak House: **Herman Chittison,** *tfn.*
Metropole: **Gene Krupa** to 1/15.
The Most: **Chuck Wayne, Milt Sealey,** *tfn.*
Nick's: **Wild Bill Davison,** *tfn.*
Open End: **Sol Yaged,** Tues. Sessions, Sun.
Penn Brook Inn (Elizabeth, N. J.): jazz, Mon.
Room at the Bottom: **Wilbur DeParis,** *tfn.*
Take 3: **Louis Brown,** *tfn.*
Village Gate: **Horace Silver, Chris Connor,** Jan. wknds.
Village Vanguard: **Lenny Bruce** to 1/31.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown): **Tony Spair,** Mon., Fri.
Heidelberg Sky Room: **Jimmy Amadie,** *tfn.*
Krechmer's: **Billy Krechmer-Tommy Simms,** *hb.*
Latin Casino: **Peggy Lee,** 2/25-3/10.
Pep's: *unk.*
Picasso: **Johnny Walker,** *tfn.*
Red Hill Inn: *unk.*
Show Boat: **Roland Kirk** to 1/5.
Sunnybrook (Pottstown): name bands, Sat.
Blue Room: **Dukes of Dixieland,** 1/17-31.
Municipal Auditorium: **Al Hirt,** 1/8.

NEW ORLEANS

Cosimo's: modern jazz, wknds.
Blue Room: **Dukes of Dixieland,** 1/17-31.
Dan's Pier 600: **Al Hirt,** *tfn.*
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Dynasty Room: **Armand Hug,** *tfn.*
El Morroco: **Murphy Campo,** *tfn.*
Famous Door: **Mike Lala,** *tfn.* **Santo Pecora,** *tfn.* **Leon Prima,** Sun., Tues.
French Quarter Inn: **Pete Fountain,** *tfn.* **Leon Prima,** Mon.
Municipal Auditorium: **Al Hirt,** 1/8.
Music Haven: **Ellis Marsalis,** *tfn.*
Paddock Lounge: **Octave Crosby, Snookum Russell,** *tfn.* **Marvin Kimbell,** Wed.
Pepe's: **Lavergne Smith,** *tfn.*
Playboy: **Al Belletto, Dave West, Ed Fenasci, The Four More, Snooks Eaglin,** *hbs.* **Rusty Mayne,** Sun.
10 Down: **Ronnie Dupont,** *tfn.*
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Vernon's: name jazz groups. **Roy Henderson,** *hb.*

DETROIT

Baker's Keyboard: **Jackie Davis Duo** to 1/6. **Paul Winter, Ruth Price,** 1/7-20.
Cliff Bell's: **Eddie Webb, Lizzi Doyle,** *tfn.*
Charleston Club: **Roger Nivan,** *tfn.*
Checker Bar-B-Q: (uptown) **Ronnie Phillips,** *tfn.*
Drome: **Dorothy Ashby,** *tfn.*
Duchess: **T. J. Fowler,** *tfn.*
Falcon (Ann Arbor): **Bob James,** *tfn.*
Hobby Bar: **Charles Rowland,** Mon.-Wed., *tfn.*
Left Bank: **Ted Sheely,** *tfn.*
Mr. Kelly's: workshop sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Minor Key: closed to 1/14. **Ahmad Jamal,** 1/15-20.
Eddie Pawl's Continental Lanes: **Bob Snyder,** *tfn.*
Peter Pan: **Teddy Harris,** *tfn.*
Red Mill: **Joe Perna, Mark Richards,** *tfn.*
Sammy G's: **Ronnie Phillips,** Wed., Fri., Sun.
Topper Lounge: **Danny Stevenson,** *tfn.*
Trent's: **Terry Pollard,** *tfn.*
20 Grand Fireside Lounge: **Charles Rowland,** Fri.-Sun.

CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: **Bob Scobey, Art Hodes,** *tfn.*
Club Alex: **Muddy Waters,** wknds.
Gaslight Club: **Frankie Ray,** *tfn.*
Happy Medium (Downstairs Room): **Cy Touff,** Mon., Tues. **Cliff Niep,** Wed.-Sun.
Jazz, Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt,** *tfn.* **Franz Jackson,** Thurs.
London House: **Peter Nero** to 1/6. **Henry (Red) Allen,** 1/8-27. **Paul Winter,** 1/29-2/19. **Jose Bethancourt, Larry Novak,** *hbs.*
McKie's: **John Coltrane** to 1/6. **Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis,** 1/9-2/3.
Mister Kelly's: **Dick Gregory, Ruth Price,** 1/6. **Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo,** *hbs.*
Playboy: **Joe Iaco, Bob Davis, Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, Billy Wallace,** *hbs.*
Sahara Motel: **John Frigo,** Thurs., Fri.
Silvio's: **Howling Wolf,** wknds.
Sutherland: **Ramsey Lewis, Redd Foxx,** to 1/
Velvet Swing: **Nappy Trottier,** *tfn.*

LOS ANGELES

Azure Hills Country Club (Riverside): **Hank Meser,** *tfn.*
Blue Port Lounge: **Bill Beau,** *tfn.*
Charleston (Arcadia): **Bob Russell, Southlan Seven,** *tfn.*
Eagle Rock Lanes: **Frank Strazzeri, Jim Whi wood, Dave Gardiner,** wknds.
Gazzarri's: **Kellie Greene,** *tfn.*
Green Bull (Hermosa Beach): **Johnny Lucas Original Dixieland Blue Blowers,** wknds.
Hermosa Inn: **Jack Langlos, The Saints,** wknds.
Huddle (Covina): **Teddy Buckner,** *tfn.*
Intermission Room: **Three Souls,** *tfn.*
Jester Room (Stanton): **Doug Sawtelle, The Up towners.**
Jim's Roaring '20s: (Wonderbowl-Downey): **John ny Lane, Arthur Schutt,** *tfn.*
Knickerbocker Hotel: **Ben Pollack,** *tfn.*
Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey,** *hb.* Guest groups Sun.
Marty's: **William Green,** *tfn.*
Metro Theater: afterhours concerts, Fri.-Sat.
Michael's (East Washington): **Johnny White,** *tfn.*
Montebello Bowl: **Ken Latham,** *tfn.*
Mr. Adams': **Curtis Amy,** *tfn.*
NK Club: **Gene Russell,** Thurs.-Sun., *tfn.*
PJ's: **Eddie Cano, Trini Lopez, Jerry Wright,** *tfn.*
Red Carpet (Nite Life): **Laverne Gillette,** Tues. Sun.
Red Tiki (Long Beach): **Vince Wallace,** Thurs Sessions, Sun.
Roaring '20s: **Ray Bauduc, Pud Brown,** *tfn.*
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): **Kenny Dennis Victor Feldman, Al McKibbon,** Thurs.-Mon.
Rubin's (Newport Beach): **Edgar Hayes,** Sun. Mon.
Rubin's (Tustin): **Edgar Hayes,** Tues., Wed., Sat.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Shelly Manne, Irene Kral** Fri.-Sun. **Jack Sheldon,** Mon. **Frank Rosolino** Tues. **Paul Horn,** Wed. **Teddy Edwards,** Thurs Sun. afternoon concerts.
Sheraton West: **Red Nichols,** *tfn.*
Sinbad's (Santa Monica): **Betty Bryant,** *tfn.*
Spigot (Santa Barbara): jazz, Sun.
Storyville (Pomona): **Ray Martin, Tailgate Ramblers,** *tfn.*
Tender House (Burbank): **Joyce Collins, Chuck Berghofer,** Sun.-Mon.
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): **Rosy McHargue,** *tfn*
23 Skidoo (Westwood): **Art Levin, Spencer Quinn Excelsior Banjo Band,** *tfn.*

SAN FRANCISCO

Bit of England (Burlingame): **Don Alberts,** Sun.
Black Hawk: **Cal Tjader** to 1/13. **George Shearing** 1/15-2/3. **Dizzy Gillespie,** 2/5-24.
Beer Keg: **Clifford Thornton,** wknds.
Burp Hollow: **Frank Goulette,** wknds.
Blue Mirror: **Earl Vann,** wknds.
Derby (Redwood City): **Jack Millar, Geneva Vallier,** wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes,** *tfn.*
Embers (Redwood City): **Manny Duran, Faith Winthrop,** *tfn.* **Jo Ryder,** wknds.
Executive Suite: **Chris Ibanez,** *tfn.*
Fairmont Hotel: **Louis Armstrong** to 1/30. **Billy Eckstine,** 1/31-2/20. **Vic Damone,** 2/21-3/13. **Edie Adams,** 3/14-4/3.
Ginza West: **Dick Salzman,** *hb.*
Gold Rush (San Mateo): **Lionel Sequeira, Con Hall,** Sun.
Jazz Workshop: **Jazz Crusaders** to 1/13. **Chico Hamilton,** 1/15-24. **Art Blakey,** 1/25-2/10. **Zoot Sims,** 2/12-24.
Left Bank (Oakland): **Pat Britt,** Sun.
Mesa (San Bruno): **George Lee,** wknds.
Mr. Otis: **Jim Lowe,** wknds.
Pier 23: **Burt Bales,** *tfn.*, plus **Frank Erickson,** wknds.
Sheraton-Palace Hotel: **Pat Yankee's Confederates,** *tfn.*
Sugar Hill: **Virgin Island Steel Band** to 1/26. **Sonny Terry-Brownie McGhee,** 1/28-2/9. **Joe Williams, Junior Mance,** 2/11-23.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): **Willie Francis,** Wed.-Thurs. **Flip Nunes,** Fri.-Sat. **Jack Taylor,** Sun. **Al Zulaica,** afterhours.
Tin Pan Alley (Redwood City): **The Naturals,** Mon.-Tues. **Bernie Kahn,** Wed.-Sun.
Ti-Tones (Redwood City): **Sammy Simpson,** *tfn.*
Trident (Sausalito): **Vince Guaraldi,** *tfn.*

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